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SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S proposal, made before the convention of the American Federation of Labor, for a constitutional amendment which would limit the power of the United States Supreme Court to nullify congressional legislation comes at a moment psychologically well timed for its favorable consideration. Many persons have been outraged in recent months by a series of decisions inimical to progressive national development, culminating in the nullification of the child-labor law and in the Coronado decision. The many important decisions that the Supreme Court has made by a majority of one are proof that there is no such thing as a fixed judicial science capable of impersonal interpretation. When five of its justices are of one mind and four of another it is obvious that there is no clear balance of right and wrong. One man's unconscious prejudices may determine the law of the land. The Supreme Court is for us what the House of Lords once was to England—a non-elective body with an absolute veto over congressional legislation, and there is every reason why its veto power should be qualified as is that of the House of Lords and of our own president. Senator La Follette would leave the Supreme Court full power to pass upon the constitutionality of State laws, but he would make the Federal Congress supreme by providing that if it chose to reenact any statute overthrown by the Supreme Court such legislation would then stand. In an article in *The Nation* of June 14 a contributor advocated a less drastic change, that of requiring either a unanimous or a two-thirds decision in order to overthrow a law of Congress.

"You can bet your life we'll use gas" . . . said Rear-Admiral Sims. . . . "Gas, the Rear-Admiral declared, is not the inhuman method of warfare that it generally is believed to be. The general impression that the use of gas was so inhuman, he said, was caused by Allied propaganda when the Germans were using it."—Associated Press Dispatch.

WE thank the Admiral for his frankness. It is cheering, if a bit startling, to know that the Germans were not really inhuman after all—neither more nor less Hunnish than we are or shall be. Only it distresses us a little to have the doughty Admiral asperse the uprightness and truthfulness of our brave Allies—and ourselves. Because knockers and pacifists might interpret his words to mean that mendacity was practiced in so holy and righteous a cause. It almost leads one to wonder whether the un-American critics who said that the Admiral's tongue wagged too freely had not something on their side. It would be embarrassing to have him tell us next that Edith Cavell really was technically guilty under the so-called laws of war, or that the Germans had a case when they sank the Lusitania, or that submarine warfare was legitimate, or that the invasion of Belgium—but here we draw the line; not even Admiral Sims would go that far.

WE suspect that Secretary Mellon and the editors of *The Nation* would agree on very few political and economic questions but we take off our hat to him, nevertheless, for his stand on the issue that the chief business of the Treasury Department is to attend to the job as efficiently as possible and not to take care of "the boys." This is refreshing in a cabinet which contains Secretary Fall, whose lease of the Teapot Dome oil reserves is said to have been preceded by profitable stock speculation by insiders, and Attorney General Daugherty, whose record we do not need to characterize. The latest attack on Mellon proved an amusing boomerang. Some one hundred and fifty senators and representatives hungry for jobs for needy constitutents signed an attack on the Secretary because he had left Democrats in office. They made the fatal mistake of filing a bill of specifications—and it appeared that the worthy lawmakers in their desperate need for patronage had not even troubled to ascertain correctly the names and party affiliations of the men whose jobs they wanted.

SENATOR LADD of North Dakota has proposed a simple plan for paying the soldiers' bonus which he thinks would hurt nobody except the bankers, our foreign debtors, and his colleague Senator McCumber, author of a bonus bill without any provision for raising the money. Let the Government print $2,500,000,000 in Treasury Notes and mail them to the soldiers; the notes to be legal tender convertible under certain restrictions into gold bonds and to be retired within twenty-five years by an excess-profit tax on banks. If such taxation raises too little, interest on the debt owed to the United States by foreign nations is to be used, and if that also is inadequate the general funds in the Treasury are to serve as a last resort. The plan will

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probably get more votes for the Nonpartisan League in its struggle against Senator McCumber in the North Dakota primaries than it will win in Congress, but we credit Senator Ladd with other than a political purpose in proposing it. He believes in the bonus, and he is persuaded that the bankers make too much profit on other people's money. Hence his bill. Irrespective of our own objection to the bonus in principle, we think this Ladd plan dangerous for two reasons: (1) It ties up a subsidy to a powerful group with the complicated problem of the foreign debt thereby introducing into any discussion of America's duty in the world-wide economic crisis new elements of passion and self-interest. (2) Suddenly to add $2,500,000,000 to our currency without scientific reference to the volume of business or the index of prices would simply mean a reduction in the value of money and would stimulate once more the vicious swing of the financial pendulum between inflation and deflation.

OUR Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, took as his subject Some Observations on the Conduct of our Foreign Affairs at the commencement exercises of the University of Michigan, and in the course of his remarks he made some very wise observations and some that were rather fatuous. "A sound public opinion," he declared, was essential to support the nation's peaceful diplomatic aims.

> It must frown upon the constant efforts to create suspicion, distrust, and hatred. There can be no assurance of peace, and few of the necessary and just settlements which make for peace in a world of hate. It should be recognized that what is more necessary than formulas is a new sense of civic responsibility in matters of international concern.

And there he was very right. The history of recent decades in Europe shows that there is no more deadly enemy to peace than the gutter press which breathes incessant hate, changing only the object of its hate as national fashions change and forever discovering new "perils" to exploit. Mr. Hughes was on less sound ground when he discussed open diplomacy. He seemed to feel that there could be no real open diplomacy until the danger of "blatant and injudicious utterance" was gone. But it is secret diplomacy which gives the yellow press its opportunity. It thrives on rumored scandals and on half-truths; the murky atmosphere of the old profession of state diplomacy is the chosen breeding-ground of international crises and of national hates. The remedy is a frank and public diplomacy which by taking the people into its confidence gives them confidence in it.

EARLY reports on the Irish elections are said to indicate "unexpectedly heavy voting for the independent candidates, and as between the treatyites and the anti-treatyites on the coalition panel a predominance of support for the former." Even if the final result confirms this forecast it does not follow that the success of the treaty will be assured. The Labor Party, for instance, is not so much pro-treaty as it is against militarism and for an economic program which, it feels, both the Sinn Fein factions have ignored. It is quite conceivable that, if Catholic refugees from Belfast continue to pour across the border or if the constitution—whose terms are as yet imperfectly known in America—is unsatisfactory, the independent members of the Dail may turn against the treaty. At all events it is to be feared that power rests not with them, nor even with the impermanent and precarious coalition of the Sinn Fein factions, but with the military forces.

WHEN Hara's Cabinet came to power in Japan four years ago it was assumed that the principle of party responsibility had at last been established. But when Hara's successor, Takahashi, fell, a non-party Cabinet headed by Admiral Kato was formed. The majority party, the Seiyukai, will support the new Cabinet but neither the Seiyukai nor any other party in the Japanese Diet formed it. The question is, who did? The Elder Statesmen are now dead or inactive, yet freed of their far-seeing power Japan goes backward rather than forward in constitutional government. Presumably the Kato Cabinet represents the Satsuma clan rather than the Cho-shu, the navy rather than the army, the economic interests which devise amicable relations with the Western Powers rather than those intent on exploiting Siberia. Perhaps the Prince Regent himself and his able Minister of the Household, Baron Makino, who represented Japan at Versailles, are the successors to the Elder Statesmen. At any rate, neither Hara nor Takahashi gave Japan really liberal government nor was their party representative of much save the rising power of the commercial classes. Kato enters office pledged to economy and to the enforcement of the Washington treaties he helped to negotiate. He has withdrawn troops from Hankow but the evacuation of Siberia is still delayed. His Government's Washington representative has publicly explained that Japan only awaits assurances of the protection of her citizens and of foreign property in Siberia against "Bolshevist propaganda at our frontiers." That is the usual language of imperialism in all countries no matter who is nominally in power.

A REASONABLE amount of honesty, patriotism, and common sense at Peking may restore peace to China and give it a federal Government which can represent it effectively in dealing with foreign Powers. General Wu Pei-fu has followed up his victory over General Chang with statesman-like measures. He has obtained the resignation of President Hsu, the return of the constitutional President Li Yuan-hung, and the reassembling of the old republican parliament. Dr. Sun, head of the South China government, refused to resign but has been driven out of Canton by his own former commander-in-chief, General Chen, presumably in the interest of peace and unity. Wu Ting-fang, former ambassador to the United States and a supporter of the Southern Government, has been invited to become premier under President Li. It is too early to rejoice over the consummation of peace in China—General Chang, suspected of undue friendship for Japan, is still in power in Manchuria—but there is more reason for hope than for several years.

WHAT the Soviet Government did not succeed in achieving at Genoa it is trying to accomplish on a lesser scale at home. The bread loan floated by the Soviet Government is its first attempt to establish internal credits. The bonds are short-termed, to be paid back in January, 1923, in grain. Bonds vary in value from 1 to 100 poods (36 to 3,600 lbs.) of grain, the total amount of the loan amounting to 10,000,000 poods of grain. While the present market price of grain is over 400 rubles in the new soviet currency, or 4,000,000 of the earlier paper rubles, the price of a one-pood bond is put at 380 rubles. Bread bonds are to be accepted in business transactions or in payment of the tax in kind. This will make it unnecessary for peasant bondholders to haul

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their taxes in kind to the government grain elevators, thus saving, it is calculated, 200,000 working days of a peasant with his horse. Although the loan is rather small, its significance may be incalculable. The government and cooperatives will receive a large amount of ready currency to be used in internal trade. It will facilitate reduction of the output of paper money and stabilization of the new issue of currency by which bills of one-ruble denomination are to replace the present 10,000-ruble bills. It is hoped that it will pave the way to longer-termed internal loans. Mr. Walter Duranty of the New York *Times* reports that the peasants are readily responding to the loan and that during its first weeks the value of the soviet ruble went up. At the same time, according to the Moscow *Izvestia*, the prices of commodities show a general tendency to drop. Perhaps Mr. Keynes may have been right in his bold prediction that of all European countries Soviet Russia might be the first to establish its credits and stabilize its currency.

TIKHON, patriarch of the Russian church, has resigned under pressure by his own clergy. His vigorous political activity and his active opposition to requisition of church treasure for famine relief brought such a storm upon his head that he abdicated. A conclave to be held in August will determine whether he shall be tried by an ecclesiastical court for his acts, and will also rule upon the changes in ritual, including substitution of modern Russian for ancient Slavonic in the church services, which are demanded by many of Tikhon's opponents within the church. In view of the recorded facts in the case, and of the outspoken criticism of leading Russian church officials, it is almost amusing to find Bishop Manning and other American and English churchmen aroused and bitterly protesting because the Soviet Government has called Tikhon before the Supreme Revolutionary Tribunal to answer for his deeds. He is charged with having drafted an appeal to the priests which resulted in more than a thousand bloody riots and the loss of several lives. Eight priests who led in these riots were sentenced to death in early May; their cases have been appealed. The Tikhon appeal naturally was particularly resented in the famine-stricken regions, profoundly religious though they are. Bishop Antonius, who has provisionally succeeded Tikhon, takes the position that the Soviet Government exists "thanks to the help of God, without whose help nothing may take place in the world" and declares opposition to Tikhon's policy because it "brings bloodshed, contrary to the desires of religion."

A STRIKING article in the English *Labour Monthly* on the Rise and Fall of Australian Labor calls attention to a situation which is significant for Americans. Before the war the Australian labor movement worked on three main assumptions: "Economic development was to continue steadily; Australian workers could expect a privileged standard of life; this standard would be maintained and improved by a parliamentary alliance between trade unionists and all the 'small men' of the country." The result seemed to justify the belief that without any fundamental attack on the existing order they could obtain prosperity. But they ignored the economic reasons for their success: the abundance of cheap land; the relative scarcity of workers; the steady demand in world markets for Australian wheat and wool. Then came war's aftermath, an enormous load of debt, scarcity of capital for new enterprises, and the decline in demand for Australian products. The Federal Arbitration Court reversed its established principle that if an industry could not pay wages permitting an "increased comfort of living" it must be allowed to die. The chairman of the Basic Wage Commission, declaring that industry could not support the old wage standard, nevertheless admitted that 58.4 per cent of the workers of Australia . . . were below a true living wage." The result was that about a year ago the All-Australian Trade Union Congress declared for industrial unionism and set out to transform the labor movement into "one class-conscious organization prepared to take and to hold the means of production, distribution, and exchange by revolutionary industrial and political action." The victory of such a program might free Australian industry of much parasitism, but it is hard to see that it could restore world-markets upon which Australian prosperity depends. The economic problem is too big for a purely national solution.

MAJOR GENERAL HENRY T. ALLEN, commander-in-chief of the American Army of Occupation on the Rhine, is an officer of whom the army and his country may well be proud. It is no simple task to command alien troops and yet win the respect and friendship of the people of an occupied territory. General Allen has done that—and more. Under his command have been both American and French troops and in a period of intense German-French hatred he in his most difficult position has held the respect of both. The more weighty therefore is the announcement of his opposition to the French policy of using black troops in their occupying army. They have never been needed there; utilization of them has been a cruelty to the men themselves, a deliberate attempt to insult the Germans, and a degradation of France in the eyes of the outside world. General Allen also expresses the bold hope that soon no troops at all will be required on the Rhine. We would go further still and declare that that time is here. Withdrawal of the armies of occupation would release more money for reparations than any other possible step.

THE revival of an old ordinance at Coney Island prohibiting sidewalk exhibitions and barkers whose job is to lure the unwilling bystander is an atrocity that right-thinking people will condemn. Coney Island without crowded sidewalks is unthinkable. The barker is part of the show and, best of all, he is the free part. If father has taken Johnny and Eva into seven side-shows and two scenic railways he may resist their plea to be allowed to enter another by drawing their attention to the nice little wax lions outside of the Eden Musée, or may successfully urge them to listen to the funny man telling all about the sea serpent and the four-eyed hen. Of course, from Johnny's and Eva's point of view the barker is equally indispensable because he arouses even father's jaded curiosity and makes him take them into still another show. If something must be forbidden, why would it not be better to ban the show itself? It is never so good as the barker promises; he, on the other hand, is the greatest living promiser. The show may be, and nearly always is, tinsel; but the barker, raucous, fluent, rhetorical, tender, and kindly to the little ones who gape at him and pull their mother's dress in a plea to be allowed to see his incomparable show, bitingly scornful of the benighted ones who will have none of it, is an artist. He should be perpetually endowed rather than abolished.

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Wall Street and Mexico

MEXICO has received Wall Street's permission to carry on: that is the meaning of the long and elaborate agreement signed by Mr. de la Huerta, the Mexican Minister of Finance, and the group of international bankers, representing the holders of Mexican bonds, headed by Mr. Lamont. But the permission is only temporary, and it is granted at a price which may be too high for Mexico. The bankers have yielded almost nothing; the compromise is a compromise of their hope of control over Mexico such as they have over Nicaragua and Bolivia rather than of anything which they had in hand.

By this agreement the Mexican Government agrees to fulfil all its obligations to the fullest extent of its capacity. Beginning January 1, 1923, it will resume payment of interest upon its bonds in part, mounting gradually to payment in full by January 1, 1928. Cash payment of arrears of interest will be waived, but new paper will be issued to cover these arrears and they will be amortized without interest over a period of years. Accumulated interest on overdue interest will be canceled—and that is about all that the bankers renounce. The service of this debt will amount to about $25,000,000 per year, an enormous charge for Mexico. About two-fifths of this will be covered by the export tax on oil, which amounts effectively to a 10 per cent tax; the amount of such receipts may increase if new oil fields are developed. The remaining $15,000,000 will have to be raised for the most part by administrative economies or heavier taxes. Part of it may be covered by a surcharge on gross railway receipts. The Mexican National Railways are to be returned to private management, as before the war. In recent years they have been operated by the Government at a loss. The bankers believe that they can be made to pay, and the Government, which owns 51 per cent of the stock but had a threat of foreclosure by the defaulted bondholders hanging over its head, has agreed to give them their chance.

This return of the railroads to private management is perhaps the most dangerous feature of the entire agreement. It means handing over the industry whose workers are best organized to foreign capitalists; we believe that the plan is for the former president of the railways, now associated with a Western railroad in this country, to resume his old position. That is likely to mean an infiltration of American officials; it is almost sure to mean a reduction in wages, for certain classes of railroad labor in Mexico, notably the locomotive engineers, are better paid than their colleagues in the United States. Some of those in Mexico who have been most devoted to the ideals of the revolution will feel that it is a betrayal of the cause. The readjustment will take years; it is not impossible that it will lead to an industrial struggle which might mean another revolution—and in that case, of course, the Government of the United States would support the railway bondholders, and there would be a movement for more than diplomatic support.

It is, then, a delicate and dangerous agreement. It is our understanding that the negotiations leading to even this onerous settlement were not as smooth as the newspaper statements might lead one to believe. At one point the bankers hinted that they would like to have collection of the export tax on oil in American hands; at another point they appeared to feel that the Mexican Government would do well to accept their rather intimate assistance in revision of the budget and reduction of administrative expenses. Both of these suggestions Mr. de la Huerta naturally and properly rejected. But had it not been for a division of opinion among bankers, and for the fact that the railway bondholders showed more financial statesmanship than the others, there might have been a deadlock.

Settlement of the difficulties with the oil men presumably follows automatically upon settlement with the bankers. They have for months been more amenable to reason than the bankers. The oil men recently reached an agreement with the Mexican Government to pay the 25 per cent export tax on oil, which had been fixed by presidential decree, in Mexican bonds receivable at par. This was in fact a reduction of the tax to 10 per cent, for the bonds were then selling at close to 40. This agreement was reached by the presidents of the oil companies in Mexico City; upon their return to New York, after conference with the bondholders, they insisted upon changing the arrangement to payment of the tax in cash. The other agreement was too satisfactory for Mexico; the bankers would not permit it. Agreement with the oil men should now be simple.

The third factor with which the Mexican Government must settle is the United States Government. We fear that the impression prevails in Mexico City that recognition will follow automatically upon settlement with the bankers and the oil men. The Mexican Government would have good reason in international law and precedent to believe so. A government intrenched in power, elected by popular vote, against which there is no effective opposition, which has reached a satisfactory adjustment with its foreign creditors, has a right to expect recognition. But right and reason do not determine the policy of our State Department. An obstinate and unswerving mind guides its actions. Mr. Hughes has insisted that Mexico sign a treaty confirming certain so-called property rights as a condition precedent to recognition; and his mind is not easily changed however much conditions may alter. We hope that Mr. de la Huerta and President Obregon have not let a belief that recognition would follow induce them to make concessions to the bankers. Their battle is not yet won.

Indeed there can be no immediate settlement of Mexico's difficulties. Fundamentally these are due to the fact that Mexico has a popular government, responsive to the needs and aspirations of her working people, and that she lives in a profit-seeking, capital-driven world. She has enormous natural resources; obviously a government which wishes the easy profits from them to go to improve the condition of the people must continuously contend against the forces which seek to exploit them for private profit and private profit alone. In the present-day world other governments, particularly our own, will line up with the profit-seekers against the people of Mexico. Whatever temporary compromises or agreements may be reached there can be no permanent harmony between these hostile forces. By the present agreement with the bankers Mexico agrees to devote the proceeds of her oil export tax and of other taxes to payment of loans which have been saddled upon her people in the past. It is a heavy burden; she may not be able to carry it. In time she will be urged to accept new loans, carrying with

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them greater control by American bankers and capitalists, upon the specious plea that thus her resources can be developed so as to make her position easier. There will be more controversies and more compromises and agreements. The Government of Mexico is at grips with the most active imperialist force in the world today: the power of American money. We urge it not to rejoice too much at the settlement, but to be continually upon its guard.

Discipline and Culture

THOSE whom their friends at times and their enemies more frequently call "the younger intellectuals" have not always armored themselves either wisely or sufficiently against inevitable jibes and darts. Protesting against the painful tightness of an over-regimented society, they have been accused of wanting to run amuck; repudiating dead tradition, they have had flung at them the supposedly withering words of promiscuity and license. In these final retorts there lurks a fallacy which a school-boy ought to be able to discover. But most of us are mere nominalists; ugly words seem to fill us with awe; they seem suddenly to rise before us like walls we cannot scale. Thus kindly and by no means stupid people have been permitted to suppose that certain blameless literary gentlemen in our midst wreck homes before breakfast and use no beverage but gin.

The popular fallacy which the younger intellectuals have not guarded against is that it is possible to act without choice simply because you are tired of one particular and monotonous choice. What the Elder Critics have, in effect, said to them is strictly analogous to this: "What, you will not eat the wholesome and manly porridge of our ancestors? No doubt you feed on babies' bones." And the readers of the conservative press echo: "They feed on babies' bones." The younger intellectuals have airily forgotten to answer: "But, dear people, there is crēam of wheat and wheatena and hominy and corn-flakes and puffed rice and new things yet uninvented. It is you who are coarse; it is you who exercise no choice and are therefore promiscuous; it is we who are fastidious and selective and delicate and conscientious and austere. You speak of us as undisciplined. You do not know what discipline is. To narrow the possible choices of life is to eliminate discipline more and more. Your true conservatives are the animals whose habits know no change in a thousand generations. They practice no discipline, for they need none."

The familiar line from Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" will make the point quite clear. "Me," wrote the poet with that inversion which now seems quainter to us than it should, "me this unchartered freedom tires." Now a wholly unchartered freedom is, of course, not possible to a man who is neither drunk nor mad. All sane human action is motivated and into its motivation enter not only desire but moral and aesthetic preferences, economic urges and repressions, social loves and fears. The sum of such motives is the charter of a given action. What the Elder Critics, without quite daring to say it, have meant is that there is but one charter for civilized action. Experience contradicts this flatly, and what the younger intellectuals have tried to do is to seek within experience new, more liberal, more gracious charters according to which men may live. Far from repudiating self-discipline they have insisted upon the necessity of its exercise. What they have disliked is herd-discipline masquerading as self-discipline and the mechanical adherence to charters that do not arise from the needs of the soul.

For the sources of our charters of action, for the shaping of beautiful motives, they have gone to a rational culture. For it is the precise virtue of culture that it makes for high and fastidious choice in both art and life and yet gives free play to personality and prevents the individual from lapsing into the herd unit. Thus they have, as their accusers have never tired of saying, talked a great deal about the self. They have not meant an undisciplined self; they have meant a self that draws the powers of its discipline from within, that chooses its duties, creates its charter, and thus can never lose that moral harmony and freshness of impulse without which the fairest-seeming actions have no true virtue at their core. Even as artists who survey the same scenes and actions will weave them into utterly different yet equally beautiful works, so, upon this view, the same material will be shaped into many kinds of life—all beautiful, all moral, all disciplined, each exercising its freedom according to a charter which itself has found.

Tests for the Churches

CHURCHES may serve a useful function in society merely as guardians of the conventional *mores* and mediators of the traditional comforts to such as find in them balm for their spirits. But no religion can have a vital significance for our time which requires men to reject any science or philosophy of life later than that of the sixteenth century. Nor can it safely be indifferent to the ethical problems of a social order which inexorably negatives many kind intentions of good Christians and nullifies much individual virtue. Some sort of *modus vivendi* between science and religion, it was generally supposed, had been reached by the churches. Scholars like Kirsopp Lake might deplore the failure of organized Christianity to make an adequate synthesis of knowledge with aspiration, but a man could be accepted as a good churchman and still hold modern ideas in biology and history. A decent regard for Scripture, it was felt, did not require one to believe that an all-wise God had dictated an authoritative and final compendium of history, science, philosophy, and religion to inerrant stenographers for the guidance of mankind.

Lately, however, there has been a recrudescence of a narrow evangelical orthodoxy which lays great emphasis on the inerrancy of the Bible, and salvation by the "blood of the Lamb." Usually it believes in the personal return of Christ and the end of the world in the near future. Naturally it is skeptical of the "social gospel." In the popular mind this movement has been identified with the fame of William Jennings Bryan, but its actual strength has been dependent upon organized groups of ministers and laymen. The most powerful of these groups flourished in the Baptist denomination. Its adherents styled themselves Fundamentalists, and set out very definitely to impose a sixteenth-century creed upon a church which had prided itself upon the independence of the Christian conscience in the interpretation of the religion of Jesus. Finally after a campaign in which they won minor victories the Fundamentalists put their power to the test at the National Convention of the Baptist Churches. They were decisively defeated in their efforts to impose a creed upon their denomination, nor did their opposition to the "social gospel" prevent the Convention from

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voting $25,000 to the Federal Council of Churches which has taken a rather liberal stand in economic matters. These victories were won not in the name of modernism but of an inclusive church. They mean, nevertheless, that the doors of one of the greatest of Protestant bodies are not to be shut to men of modern mind. The defeat of the Fundamentalists in the church in which they were best organized may well mark the turning-point in the tide of religious reaction. It still remains to be proved whether the liberal forces within the Protestant churches themselves have a true vision of the way out of the bog in which modern society flounders.

An even more decisive issue for organized Christianity is at stake in the controversy in the Roman Catholic Church over the National Catholic Welfare Council. That organization, through its Social Action Department in which Dr. John A. Ryan has been the moving spirit, has been particularly aggressive in pushing the so-called Bishops' Program, which was adopted by the Catholic hierarchy in America shortly after the Great War. The program is far and away the most significant social pronouncement made by any church in the United States. Not content with pious platitudes, it recognized frankly many of the fundamental evils of our modern economic order, and while condemning Marxian socialism, it tried on the basis of Christian principles to work out a radical plan of reconstruction. Its publication shook the assurance of many non-Catholics that an authoritarian church which had officially condemned modernism in theology could never assume an effective leadership in a social democracy. Dr. Ryan saw to it that this program should not be a paper document which the church could use to confute radical critics while reassuring the conservatives by never acting on it. In the midst of the activities of his department in espousing the cause of labor against the open-shop campaign the blow fell. Three months ago by papal decree the National Council was suspended. A correspondent of the New York *World* insists that this action was the result of the pressure of economically conservative Catholics upon the Pope. This Dr. Ryan emphatically denies. He does not deny, however, the *World's* statement that the great majority of bishops have petitioned the Vatican to restore the Council, but that Cardinals O'Connell of Boston and Dougherty of Philadelphia have opposed their petition.

Whether or not the original reason for suspending the National Council was its radical social stand, if that suspension is made permanent a very interesting effort to make the great Catholic Church an agency of social progress will have received a serious setback. The Catholic Church is now under suspicion of modifying its alliance with reaction only when it is forced to do so by attacks upon it. In Italy the Vatican has indorsed the radical program of the Catholic party but, it is argued, it took that action only because of the pressure of anti-clerical socialism and communism. In Spain and the Latin American countries, where the hold of the church is the greatest, it is socially most reactionary. In America, thanks to the Bishops' Program, it seemed to be taking a lead in economic thinking somewhat more advanced than the pressure of social insurgency required. If it now recedes from its position it will seem to most observers to have given effective proof of its incapacity to play any original or constructive role in the shaping of a new civilization in which the practice of Christian ethics—by social groups as well as by individuals—will be possible.

Are You Fond of Oysters?

A CARLOAD of oysters comes wet and smoking from the steam room where the heat has partly opened them. The shuckers—that is, the openers—are ready, knife in hand, to begin prying open the shells and filling the cups which are hung alongside the car. When a cup is filled a company employee weighs it and pays the shucker, usually at once. The rate of pay varies, five cents for from 1 to 2½ pounds. While he works the shucker wears a shield on his right hand and a glove on his left. He must be careful not to cut himself (though he often does), he must stand all day at his work, he must reach farther and farther into the car as it empties, and in many canneries he has the added discomfort of being in a drafty, cold, steamy room. If instead of being an oyster shucker he is a shrimp picker or peeler his hands are poisoned by the acid in the shrimp so that he can work at that occupation for only about two days at a time, and he is in constant danger of running the sharp thorn in the head of the shrimp into his finger. The shrimps, of course, are not steamed but iced, so that the picker literally works in ice all through the day. Finally, he goes to work at anywhere from 3 in the morning to 7, and leaves at from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m., depending on the size of the catch.

On the whole these are not pleasant occupations, even for adult workers. The purpose of a recent survey, by the United States Department of Labor, of the oyster and shrimp-canning industries, however, was only partly to consider adults. Five hundred and forty-four children under sixteen years of age were included in the study; they worked in the canneries the same hours as a general thing, under the same conditions, were subjected to the same hazards, and received the same pay as the adults. Two of the children were under six years old; 322 were between six and fourteen. Of the children employed two-thirds earned less than $5 a week.

This is not a pretty story. And one immediately asks what is the matter with the law, or the employers, or the parents, that such things are permitted. The answer for the law is that child-labor legislation in some form does exist in the three States (Louisiana, Florida, Mississippi) considered; and that it is not enforced. As for the employers, they are not in business for their health, as we have heard before this. Business is business, say the employers (not all of them, indeed; some make an honest and some a successful effort to keep the children out of the canneries); we must live, say the parents—the children must help. There are virtually no schools, cry employers and parents together, and the children are better off in the factories with their mothers than playing in dirty, dangerous streets.

The report showed that the average wage of 79 per cent of the fathers of employed children was less than $25 a week. Ninety per cent of the mothers earned on an average less than $10, 46 per cent less than $5 weekly. The question, then, is not merely one of inhumanity, but of economics. Food and clothes are high; wages are low; even the children's bit is absolutely necessary. It would help if the child-labor laws were enforced. It would help—a little—if the people who ate the oysters and shrimps were forced into knowledge of the conditions in which their food is prepared. But the fundamental fault lies too deep in society for simple and superficial cure.

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These United States—VI[1]

UTAH: Apocalypse of the Desert

By MURRAY E. KING

MORE than three-fourths of the people of Utah are Mormons. Stretching away from Salt Lake City, Ogden, from the smelter towns and mining camps, which are half Gentile and indistinguishable from similar centers in other parts of the West, is a rural hinterland almost wholly Mormon. Here one sees the Utahn in his native setting. Here life is uniquely organized, and here is rooted the power that dominates the State religiously, socially, and politically.

A sight of the Mormon conference crowd in Salt Lake City every April and October should dispel impressions of the Mormons that have grown out of stories of polygamous escapades, Danites, and Avenging Angels. It is Mormon Utah assembled. From a tenth to an eighth of the State's half million inhabitants gather semi-annually at the call of the church for a general spiritual refilling. The multitude on the Tabernacle grounds looks much like any predominantly rural crowd anywhere between Duluth and Dallas. It differs neither in dress nor in physiognomy. It is not less good natured and sturdy. Certain backwoods, puritanical, and patriarchal touches impart a picturesque effect, but its only striking peculiarity is that the older generation is an unusual patchwork of nationalities. Many blond, sun-burned, rawboned, and stolid Norsemen, largely peasant types, from all parts of the State and from counties almost solidly Scandinavian contrast with groups of dark, stocky Welshmen and women talking excitedly with hands and tongues. These are largely from exclusively Welsh rural settlements and coal-mining camps. English folk are much in evidence—undersized factory workers, Cockneys, stolid Yorkshire farmers—Icelanders from Spanish Fork, Hawaiians from bleak Skull Valley, and a sprinkling of Germans, Dutch, Scotch. Notwithstanding physical divergencies, this crowd is noticeably homogeneous. A common spirit imparts a clearly collective character. One senses a self-conscious, optimistic, literal, and provincial mind brimming over with local pride and conceit. It is Mormonism manifesting itself through varying types. This religion and its outworkings distinguishes the people of Utah.

The Mormon religion is so simple and literal; it appeals so strongly to the love of the spectacular, dramatic, and miraculous; it promises such large and quick results; it is so directly and solidly authoritarian that it has a peculiar hold on primitive minds. The whole spiritual universe is explained in materialistic terms and analogies. God is a perfected human being with "body, parts, and passions." He is a good Mormon with many wives and is literally the father, his wives the mothers, of our spirits. He placed us on earth to test us and to educate us in a school of experience. After the resurrection we will have immortalized bodies and will eat, drink, and enjoy physical existence and beget children forever. Believers will attain different degrees of glory according to their merits. The highest glory, the celestial, can be attained only through the practice of plural marriage. The polygamist Mormon will become a god and will beget children and construct solar systems for his descendants "out in space" forever, while his monogamic or bachelor brother will continue to exist as a mere angel.

Mormonism keeps its adherents in a perpetual state of spiritual enthusiasm by promising everything to the present generation. It is a "last days" preparation for a "winding-up scene" always a decade or two away. Hence the Mormon is a Latter-Day Saint who expects to live to see dreadful, spectacular, and glorious events that are to accompany the gathering of Israel to the region of Utah, the destruction of all the wicked who refuse to accept the Gospel, the return of the Lost Tribes of Israel from the region of the North Pole, the founding of the city of Zion at Independence, Jackson County, Missouri, the second coming of Christ, the first[2] resurrection, the translation into immortal beings of all good Saints then living, the beginning of the millennium. Before 1891, that date was set by thousands of Latter-Day Saints as the year of the second coming of Christ. The belief was based upon a passage in the Doctrine and Covenants, the Mormon book of revelations, in which God informs Joseph Smith, the founder of the church, that if he lives until he is eighty-five years old he will "see the face of the coming of the Son of Man." Mormons now explain that Joseph Smith did not live until he was eighty-five. These abnormal expectations have culminated from time to time in periods of religious excitement and miracles when whole communities have been rebaptized and have started life anew. Such occurrences have become less and less frequent, but today there are thousands of aged persons in Utah who are happy in the belief that they will see the "winding-up scene" and will become immortal beings without having to die.

The main Mormon arguments for polygamy are: the exemplary and approved personages in the Bible practiced it; it supplies human bodies more rapidly than monogamy for the hosts of waiting spirits who must be "born under the covenant" before the end of the world; it is necessary for the purification of women by earthly trial. In practice it broke or crushed women or drove them into ungovernable rebellion. Children of polygamist parents turned upon their fathers and demanded the abolition of the practice. Caught between a young Mormon element and the Government, the authorities promulgated a revelation in 1891 suspending the practice. At that time, it is said, 7 per cent of Utah families were polygamic. Secret plural marriages developed later and the church authorities were compelled by public opinion to excommunicate the offenders. Cases of this kind have not come to light for about ten years, but relics of the institution still survive. Old men quietly cling to their former wives and support them. But despite the passing of polygamy, Mormons continue to live that part of their religion which requires the rearing of large families. A Provo,

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This is the sixth article in the series entitled These United States. The first was on the State of Kansas by William Allen White (April 19), the second on Maryland by H. L. Mencken (May 3), the third on Mississippi by Beulah Amidon Ratliff (May 17), the fourth on Vermont by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (May 31), and the fifth on New Jersey by Edmund Wilson, Jr., June 14.

[2] When the Mormons speak of the first resurrection they ignore the accepted resurrection of Christ nineteen centuries ago and refer to a supposed general resurrection of the righteous, which they say will take place at a comparatively early date. Long after this will come the second resurrection, which will consist of the resurrection of the wicked after they have been purged sufficiently of their sins.

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Utah, school teacher recently asked her geography class, "What are the principal means of transportation in Utah?" A small boy promptly answered, "Baby carriages."

Celestial marriages have taken the place of plural marriages. A celestial marriage is a secret Temple rite wherein men have dead women "sealed" to them as their wives for eternity, and unattached women are sealed to dead husbands. There is no evidence that the ghost has any choice in the matter. These harmless ceremonies open the gates to the celestial glory temporarily closed by the revelation of 1891. An unsuccessful bachelor may collect the names of decedent old maids or wives of other men not married "under the covenant." At the Temple after the "sealing ordinance" he is given a record of the heavenly names of these celestial wives. Only by repeating these names at the gates of heaven can he get them inside. This explains what a grief-stricken Mormon bachelor in Salt Lake City several years ago meant when he sobbed, "I have lost my wives: the mice have eaten them up!"

A Latter-Day Saint will tell you that the distinguishing principle of his religion is "continued revelation." He means that his church is ruled and guided from heaven through the constituted authorities here. All good saints may receive "testimonies," see visions, or perform miracles for themselves in accordance with church authority, but only one man, the president, prophet, seer, and revelator of the church, may receive revelations from God for the guidance of the church or any part of it. Many devout Mormons accept this doctrine without qualification. It confers upon the Mormon hierarchy a potential political power that may well be a challenge to democratic institutions. Many Mormons, however, accept it with reservations, or ignore it. This, combined with the caution and cunning of the leaders, prevents it from being pushed to extreme lengths. The practice of promulgating revelations has declined to such an extent that no authorized revelations have appeared in Utah for years. On the other hand, the authorities have been greatly embarrassed by the competition of self-constituted prophets. Not many years ago an aspiring John the Baptist in southern Utah paved the way for the advent of a certain son in a certain family who would be "the chosen one" to lead the saints back to Jackson County, Missouri. As the natal day approached the excitement grew among the followers of the unborn Messiah. Suddenly the whole movement miraculously collapsed and the church was saved. The expected boy turned out to be a girl.

The average Mormon is a composite product of this religion, the desert, the mountain land with which he blends, and a modern American world which pushes in upon him and changes him in spite of himself. Stop at his home and one of the first questions he asks is, "Do you belong to the church?" If you do, he will reveal himself as an enthusiast very much enamored with the visions of miraculous things about to transpire. If you do not, he will discover to you a practical, common-sense, shrewd, fairly human and neighborly individual interested in a great many worldly, materialistic, and modern things. Despite his belief in polygamy he has a rigid code of sex morality. There is not an unusual amount of immorality or illegitimacy in Mormon communities. Notwithstanding his belief in "continued revelation," his head is full of canny and stubborn reservations which save him from being the priest-ridden creature one might expect to find. Assertions of independence often come with quaint effect from stern old believers, as in the case of a Welsh brother who, having been pressed a little too hard for church contributions, shouted in church: "I tell 'oo the church do look after itself furst. I hereby serve notice that henceforth I will look out for David Evans furst, and the church after." An old Danish peasant in Ferron compromised between his spirit of independence and religious fears by declaring to the congregation: "Ay tank yet dis is de church of God, but Ay tank no longah you ah de Lord's people."

To hear whole Mormon congregations in village meeting houses on Sundays shouting their hymns to the mountains is to realize the love of this people for the country they dwell in.

> O ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky
> Arches over the vales of the sea,

they shout. Or they sing,

> O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee farewell;
> We are going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell,

or thunder,

> For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
> Our God, our fathers' God.

The preachers lovingly refer to Utah as "the Valleys of the Mountains," or "Deseret." The natural ties that unite the people and country are augmented by religious and historical bonds. The Mormons came from Missouri and Illinois, a hunted people, and found valleys that were places of refuge and mountains that were walls of defense. The deserts, valley rivers, and salt lakes realized the visions of the wilderness, of the Jordan and Dead Sea of ancient Palestine, and stamped the country as the new Land of Promise. Here the somber and apocalyptic imagination of a modern Israel finds its home.

Picture a wild tumble of forest-splashed mountain ranges flung in a great semi-circle from the middle of the northern boundary of the State to the southwest corner. To the west and north of this a vast, gray desert—wide, flat valleys, far, lone hills, low, sun-burned ranges, salt-rimmed lakes, glistening alkaline flats, blinding-white salt deserts—all spreading with increasing desolation to Nevada and beyond. To the east and south an immense red sandstone desert beats in tumultuous rock waves from the edge of the State to the base of the mountains—a mesa land, abysmally gorged, savagely painted, weirdly weathered and sculptured, and touched with a thorny, subtropical vegetation. This is Utah in outline. Its inhabitants cling tenaciously to the central crescent of mountains. They huddle along the edges of the red and the gray deserts. But only rarely and timidly do they follow the river valleys out into these wastes.

If this is a forbidding picture, you have not learned the lure and deception of Utah. Through the heart of the mountains for three hundred miles north and south runs a single connected chain of watered valleys, green in the north among the jumbled, snow-capped peaks of the Wasatches, gray among the naked, forest-fringed mountains of the south, except where the little settlements have spread their rugs of green—Cache Valley, Ogden Valley, Salt Lake Valley, Provo Valley, Indianola Valley, San Pete Valley, Sevier Valley, Circle Valley, Panguitch Valley, Grass Valley. Here along torrents emerging from canyons, or on the banks of valley rivers, in cozy towns and villages girdled by green fields and smothered in orchards and shade trees, dwell more than half the rural folk of Utah.

Not less picturesquely placed are the towns on the edge of the gray desert at the mouths of the canyons of the Pavant and Tushar mountains. From each of these green deltas,

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which look down upon the wide desert fading to purple and azure in the distance, rises a green lane beside torrential waters through ragged gorges to a cool upland of lakes, woods, and meadows. But strangest of all are the settlements on the edge of the red desert in Utah's Dixie. The gorges of the painted desert head in little, funnel-shaped canyons at the base of the mountains. Canyon torrents drop sheer to these through zones of fir, white pine, long-leaf pine, cottonwood, squaw bush, chapparal, cactus and Joshua trees, and are diverted by the settlers to the hot, sandy soil. The canyon floors and the mesas above become bowers of subtropical foliage, flower, and fruit in the midst of gaunt desolation.

The farming communities in this setting embody what is basic in Utah. The location of more than three-fourths of them at the mouths of canyons is most propitious for delightful contrasts of climate and scenery and communal self-sufficiency. The canyon is a boulevard and a summer resort; the canyon stream an exclusive community possession for turning the industries and conquering the desert and transforming it into a fruitful Eden; the mountains a great, free timber reserve and summer pasture; the valley an empire of land in process of conquest; the desert a winter range. These communities are compact and self-sufficient, and are separated by respectable distances of field or desert space from neighboring towns. Around them are zones of green or russet fields gradually advancing upon the desert as methods of irrigation improve. This zone is quite without houses and outbuildings. The owners of its fenced plots live in the town and fare forth daily during the busy season to cultivate the land and haul in the crops. The church, the desert, and the canyon stream have conspired to produce this village concentration. The church has created so many religious activities and so monopolizes social activities that it cannot carry out its program except in organized communities. There is little isolated rural living in Utah. The man who cultivates the soil is the main pillar of a highly structured town life, a life that is indeed tinged with communism. Many towns have cooperative stores, creameries, cheese factories, and canneries. The irrigation system is owned and administered cooperatively. Milch cows and work horses graze placidly on a common pasture. The church has a communal provision against indigence. Part of the "tithing," Relief Society, and fast-day "offerings" is used to provide for those who are unable to provide for themselves. The result of all these conditions is an unusual diffusion of comfort and absence of extreme poverty. The 1920 census shows that only 10.9 per cent of Utah farmers are tenants, as against 38.1 per cent of the farmers of the remainder of the United States.

The town is a regular arrangement of substantial brick homes. Each house stands in an orchard and garden plot of about an acre, with barn and corrals in the opposite corner of the lot. The square, fenced blocks are like wicker baskets bursting with fruits and flowers. The sidewalks are bordered by running water and smothered under shade trees. The meeting-house, tithing office, and other church buildings are great bulks of red brick. Schoolhouses are plentiful. Utah ranks fourth among the States in secular education; but the church administers an immediate antidote in the shape of the most complete system of religious education in the United States.

Quaint and various are the religious manifestations. A venerable patriarch, with flowing beard, solemnly blesses awed young boys and girls, reveals the tribes of Israel from which they have descended, and foretells their futures. Elders cast out devils, lay hands on the sick, anoint them with olive oil, and pray for their recovery. Dances are opened and closed by prayer, and religious instructors teach proper "round dancing." Everybody fasts once a month and turns the equivalent of the meals saved to the church for the poor. Young and old assemble at the meeting-house fast day for "testimony meetings." These are Pentacostal affairs where all who feel "moved by the spirit" arise, confess their faults, ask forgiveness, and bear their testimonies. These consist of the narration of miraculous incidents in the course of which the emotions of the assemblage are often loosed and some of the speakers become incoherent. Young ward teachers visit all the families each month and question the members about their religious and moral conduct and condition of faith and report back to the bishop, who is the "temporal" head of the community. The women of the Relief Society have sewing bees for the benefit of the poor and a granary stored with wheat against the predicted famines of the "last days." Life is one continual round of meetings—Sunday schools and religion classes for the children, the Young Men's and Young Women's M. I. A., deacons' and teachers' meetings for youth, Relief Society meetings for women, priesthood meetings of all orders of the priesthood for men, general meetings of all kinds for everybody.

The church utilizes every resource of organization, education, and spiritual hope to erect its formidable power and counteract Gentile and modern influences. Every male member over ten or twelve is required to join the priesthood. The ascending orders of the priesthood are: deacons, teachers, priests, elders, high priests, seventies, the Twelve Apostles, the first presidency, consisting of the president and his two councilors. In addition to its enormous educational activities in each community the church has a system of academies and colleges. Its Temple work of "sealing," "ordinances," "endowments," vicarious baptisms grips the Mormon imagination powerfully. Its missionary work requires every young man to leave Utah and proselyte among the Gentiles several years. Of all methods calculated to produce an ingrained Mormonism, this is the most effective.

Out of all this has developed a political power potentially incalculable. Devout Mormons deny this, notwithstanding the bitter political fight between Gentiles and independent Mormons on one side and the church and its devoted followers on the other, which has torn the State asunder for a generation. The political purpose of the church has been to keep Utah as much as possible in the camp of the dominant political party in order to obtain for Mormonism an advantageous and influential position in the nation. In the course of the long fight the church has swung around from the position of a power that fought the United States army under Johnston to one that teaches patriotism and proclaims the Constitution a divinely inspired instrument. The visible method used to swing the State politically is to drop gentle hints at public meetings as to what "would be best for Zion at this time." There have always been enough church members who literally accept the divine authority of the dignitaries and put the interests of the church above everything else to constitute a comfortable balance of power in the hands of the authorities. But the independent Mormon element has been growing steadily and the practice of such methods has developed scandals within the church resulting in "trials" of overzealous members. They end usually in the overzealous

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brother receiving solemn censure from an Apostle who may-hap also winked the other eye. The church has gradually become more cautious in its methods and the conflict less direct and bitter, until today external peace prevails in the State.

Perhaps the most sinister development of the church is its gigantic material power. It bases its strength increasingly on the acquisition of property. This control has been secured with funds created out of a system of taxes and levies probably without parallel. Every member is required to pay annually one-tenth of his or her gross income as "tithing." In addition there are fast offerings, Relief Society offerings, missionary contributions, and donations of all sorts for building and other purposes. For many years the church has been investing part of these funds in various financial and industrial enterprises. It now owns or controls several shoe and overall factories, several publications and printing and publishing houses, great funds for the aid of reservoir and irrigation projects, the Deseret National Bank, Zion's Savings and Trust Company, Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution, Hotel Utah, the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, with nineteen plants in Utah, large ranches upon which it has colonized members, much real estate, and sugar plantations in Hawaii. It employs church members and deducts its tithing from their pay checks. Unions are not tolerated by this gigantic employer. There is mutual and bitter hostility between the labor unions and the Mormon church. Encouraged by public statements of church authorities in the Tabernacle, sons of Mormon farmers "scab" on union strikers in the mining camps. The late Mormon President, Joseph F. Smith, once offered as principal justification for opposing labor unions that they were secret societies! It is said in Salt Lake City business circles that the church authorities are enriching themselves from these investments; but of vastly greater consequence is the capital and the investment fund that remain the property of the church. Fed from the pockets of hundreds of thousands of members, these expand abnormally, threatening the whole State with a form of dominance intolerable to contemplate.

Yet in spite of this highly mobilized religion and church, the Mormon—and Utah—are responding rapidly to Gentile and modern influences. Originally the church was so determined to develop a separate and peculiar people that the Utah settlements were made as self-sustaining, interdependent, and cooperative as circumstances would allow. These efforts culminated in the establishment at Kingston, Orderville, and other places in the early eighties of communistic colonies. These efforts developed a spirit that made it possible to keep the Mormons out of the gold rush to California, and later when the surrounding States were filled with prospectors all that was necessary to keep the saints for several decades out of the great mining movement was a warning from the church that the opening up of mineral riches in Utah would cause Zion to be submerged by inrushing hordes of Gentiles. In those days the Mormon religion was a terrific reality. Life in Utah was a continuous riot of miracles and visions. The steady trickle into the Great Basin of Gentile cattlemen, prospectors, and merchants was bitterly resented. Church authorities thundered constantly in the meetings against association or inter-marriage with these intruders. The feelings aroused resulted in acts of persecution and violence against Gentiles culminating in the Mountain Meadow massacre.

Remembering these former intensities, the grip of Mormonism and the organized power of the church, one may well be amazed over present conditions in Utah. The Mormon, with some exceptions, is a greatly changed and modernized person. The Gentile is everywhere. Scarcely a town or village is free from his presence. He finds his way into Mormon circles and homes. He is still treated with a lingering aloofness and clannishness, but with increasing courtesy. There are intermarriages. Where a considerable number of Mormons and Gentiles dwell in the same community, and the Gentile church looks superciliously across the street upon the Mormon meeting-house, society tends toward two exclusive social divisions, but the feeling of aloofness and superiority is as much on one side as on the other.

Two things have struck Mormon isolation and exclusiveness staggering blows. America has closed in on the Mormon with an infiltrating intellectual environment of current ideas, opinions, phrases, news, literature, which in the long run affect him more than his Book of Mormon or Doctrine and Covenants, which he hardly ever reads any more, or his *Deseret Evening News*, and church magazines, which he does read. Utah Gentilery has released ponderous industrial and commercial forces that are changing his incentives, habits, and social organization. It is boasted locally that Salt Lake City is the greatest smelter center in the world. Utah is already one of the leading mining States. In the feverish industrial foci of the State the struggle for trade advantage makes the major claim on life. Here Gentile and Mormon business men mingle closely and approximate despite themselves the mentality and standards of life that belong to this environment. Here Mormon and Gentile workers rub elbows and the Mormons, drawn into labor organizations in spite of the church, develop interests, motives, and views that blend them with the great mass of American toilers. Here the Mormon church becomes a competing sect among sects and must conform to certain standards of religious competition. Here the Mormon comes gradually to ignore those religious doctrines that fail to square with this material and intellectual environment. Often he remains a Mormon only in name, or according to his own interpretations of Mormonism, because he does not wish to disconnect himself from a people he still regards his own.

[*The next article in this series, to appear in our issue of July 12, will be* South Carolina: A Lingering Fragrance, *by Ludwig Lewisohn.*]

Contributors to This Issue

MURRAY E. KING was born in Utah in 1876. He attended the Mormon Academy at Fillmore and later Brigham Young College at Provo. At the age of 12 he became a freethinker, and later when called to a mission by Brigham Young College he declined to go. After teaching school and doing reportorial work on newspapers in Utah, he enlisted in the Spanish-American War and was in six engagements in the Philippines. On his return home he became editor of the *Inter-Mountain Worker*, official organ of the Utah State Federation of Labor. In 1917 he entered the service of the Nonpartisan League and in 1921 was secretary of the Farmer-Labor Party Research Bureau. At present he is on the editorial staff of the Minnesota *Daily Star*.

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The Ghosts of Russia Walk

By LUDWELL DENNY

Vienna, May 10

I CAME upon the ghosts in a Belgrade alley—eating. The restaurant was a converted stable, the serving-maids noblewomen, the proprietor a Minister of State. They drank tea from glasses without removing the spoons: they were Russian. My guides were also ghosts—one a charming girl who divided her time between the Jugoslav Foreign Office and "our general," and took in sewing afternoons; the other, the general's secretary. The girl ghost had demanded of me, "Do you come as our friend?" She intimated that she would haunt me if I turned out to be an enemy. These preliminaries over, the secretary was called and we proceeded to the rendezvous. The place was crowded. Each one was named for me—the Lord Mayor of Moscow, the generals, judges, magnates, and statesmen. The women were more interesting—and depressing. My companion, after describing her escape from the Bolshevists, then from her French Negro guard at Constantinople, was about to begin a third escape when I took refuge in the secretary's statistics.

There are about two million of these ghosts, scattered from Lemnos to London, Warsaw to Washington. Fifty thousand (22,000 of them soldiers) are in Jugoslavia, the remnants of the Allied attempts to overthrow the Soviet Government by military intervention. The Jugoslav Government gives 6,000,000 dinars monthly for their support, the British Government 920,000 dinars (it cannot afford to help the famine victims in Soviet Russia, but it has given 1,100,000 pounds sterling to counter-revolutionary refugees). But the secretary's figures were not so interesting as the people around me. Would they rule Russia again? The newspapers said Wrangel would soon make another attempt, and that France was backing him. "Will the general give me a card to his political representatives in Paris?" I asked the secretary. He answered by introducing me to Dr. Alexander Kartashov, president of the Russian National Committee in Paris.

Kartashov teaches theology at the Sorbonne, and conducts the counter-revolution on the side—or perhaps it is the other way round. He had come to Belgrade from Miliukov, to bring the Cadet leader and Wrangel closer together. The counter-revolution has entered a new phase, he told me. First had come the various military attempts to overthrow the Soviets; after Wrangel's failure the Allies withdrew their active support and began trade negotiations with the Bolshevists, and the Emigration was divided by internal strife; with Miliukov's trip to the Washington Conference and Lenin's change of policy, a new phase began. Their weakness in the past has been lack of coordination; now the political branch—the National Committee in Paris, and the military branch—the Wrangel army, are working together, and results are beginning to show. They have the active support of the Russian capitalists. Replying to my question as to the attitude of the French Government he said, "Millerand and Briand favor Kerensky, but Poincaré is our friend. Kerensky has friends in the British Foreign Office." He added that he did not trust the Western governments; "they wish to use us for selfish ends, and to remake Russia in their own image. Their so-called democracy will not fit Russia. We are opposed to the British suggestion that the League of Nations should interfere in our affairs." Kartashov emphasized repeatedly, "We are fighting with economic weapons, with diplomacy and propaganda; but everything depends on our army—especially after we get to Russia."

General Wrangel received me at his headquarters, the Russian Embassy in Belgrade. His soldiers call him "the Eagle." He is very tall, wears an effective Cossack uniform, and speaks in a rapid, harsh voice; he is younger, better informed, franker than I expected to find him. The following are my notes on our conversation: "Among all the nations America is the only real friend of Russia," he told me. "France did not give us sufficient aid when victory was within our reach in the Crimea; why should she help us in another campaign? France brought most of our people to Jugoslavia, promising to support them, but since the first month she has paid nothing. When will we take the field again? We have no money, we can only wait—until the Bolshevists fall. They will fall: we are in constant touch with our friends there, and know that the collapse has already begun. And then, with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, we shall restore Russia." The general illustrated this with gestures. "Restore order?" "Yes." "And property, and the church?" "Yes." "And a Czar?" "That is for the people to decide. I have no political program; I am a soldier, commander-in-chief of the Russian army." "How will the Russian people express their choice on the Czarist and other questions—through a Constituent Assembly?" "That is for our statesmen to decide." "Until order is restored will it not be necessary, as in Hungary, for the White army to govern?" "Yes; but since my army includes all classes that will not be unjust." "Will this not mean civil war?" "Some, no doubt." "Since the Russian emigrants do not recognize the Soviet Government, what authority do they recognize?" "The Commander of their army and the Patriarch of Moscow."

From General Wrangel I went to the Jugoslav Premier. M. Pasich explained to me that Jugoslavia, in quartering the Wrangel army, is only paying her debt to Russia for having entered the war in her defense. All Slavs are brothers and must stand together. When I spoke of the complaints of his own people against his permitting these troops to retain their military organization, he replied that his Government needed them and hence had employed them for patrol service on the southern border; they were excellent soldiers.

I left Belgrade shortly before the Genoa Conference opened. Since then the counter-revolutionary leaders have accomplished much.

Wrangel's army is of no value in Jugoslavia so long as Rumania blocks its path to Russia. Now the key to Rumania's Russian policy is the province of Bessarabia, acquired by Rumania after the war. Although she is the most anti-Bolshevist of states her national interests would be imperiled by the reestablishment of the ancient regime in Russia, which seeks to regain all the lost provinces, including Bessarabia. Had this not been the situation in the early spring Wrangel probably would have marched

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on the Ukraine then. The road is now open. Wrangel and Jugoslavia have concluded a secret treaty with Rumania which permits the Wrangel army to use Rumania as a base in the event of hostilities against the Soviets, for which privilege Wrangel, in the name of the future counter-revolutionary government of Russia, renounces all claims to Bessarabia. A copy of this treaty fell into the hands of Chicherin, who replied at Genoa by putting in a Soviet claim for Bessarabia. Countering this, M. Bratiano, the Rumanian prime minister, induced the Allies to include in their memorandum to the Soviet delegation a demand that the gold lent by the Rumanian Government to the Czar be returned. Thus, Wrangel having renounced Bessarabia and the Soviets having put in a claim for it, Rumania can follow her natural desire and facilitate the projected Wrangel campaign. Meanwhile she has arrested anti-Wrangel spies, extended the freedom of Wrangel's former commander, the bandit Makhno, permitted the secret arming of the 15,000 Wrangel-Petlurian troops in Rumania, and put her own machinery of mobilization in motion.

The remnants of the White armies are spread over all Europe; hence the value of Wrangel's 17,000 splendidly organized troops in Bulgaria, which could cross Rumania to the Russian border within four days. Even those employed by Bulgaria on the roads and the land retain their military organization, while the larger number live the customary life of barracks and parade, paid, I am told, with money from America. These troops are well disciplined under General Kutiepov and their morale is sustained by the Archbishop of Sofia; they may also have large stores of munitions at their disposal. Bulgaria's war equipment, surrendered under the terms of the peace treaty, has not been destroyed by the Inter-Allied Commission but carefully stored for possible use by these White troops, which the Allies keep in Bulgaria. Two significant events have just occurred: the Ukrainian Soviet Government has informed the Bulgarian Government that it considers the presence of these troops on Bulgarian territory an unfriendly act and demands their withdrawal; and the Bulgarian Government has refused Wrangel permission to enter the country. The attitude of the Bulgarian Government turns on party politics. Hitherto it has been friendly to Wrangel, permitting the secret arming of these troops and recruiting of civilians. Disarmed by the peace treaty, the Bulgarian Government feared a Communist revolution, and these White soldiers might have been of service to her. But now a newly formed bourgeois bloc threatens the existence of the agrarian Government; the Government has discovered a plot of the bourgeoisie to overthrow it by force—with the Wrangel army.[1] Hence its conciliatory answer to Ukrainia. But the attitude of the Bulgarian Government is of small consequence; these troops and munitions will be disposed of as the Allies see fit.

I went to Warsaw to see Wrangel's representatives, but the day before I arrived they had left—hurriedly. The Soviet ambassador had presented documents to the Polish Government proving that the counter-revolutionary leaders were receiving money from Wrangel and organizing an army to attack Russia. Under the terms of the Polish-Russian treaty the Government was obliged to deport about thirty conspirators. The night train to Danzig therefore carried such dignitaries as Madame Lubinov, president of the Russian Red Cross and wife of the former Russian governor, and Wrangel's representative General Noyikov. The leaders who remain will not talk. Petlura, the Ukrainian counter-revolutionary chief, would not receive me in his Warsaw retreat because the Government insists that he is not in Poland. Sehulgin, his political agent, was absent—in Genoa. I learned, however, that there are approximately half a million émigrés in Poland and the Baltic states, all of them, except those from the famine area, anxious to return to their homes. The secretary in charge at the Foreign Office told me that most of them were sympathetic to Wrangel. Wrangel claims them all. Soviet agents say that most of them are simply non-political peasants, but admit that the secret recruiting among them has been very successful. Furthermore there are 12,000 Petlurian-Wrangel troops in internment camps which might be used against the Soviets; but Ukrainia has extracted the promise that they will be repatriated soon.

Will Poland, in the event of a counter-revolutionary campaign, join the attack against Russia? Or if she maintains a nominal neutrality will she allow the thousands of White troops in Poland to fight with Wrangel? The Polish Premier and the Soviet representatives persuaded me that the Polish Government wishes peace with Russia and is no friend of the Whites. That means that the powerful military clique has lost control of the Foreign Office—momentarily. It is necessary to stand on one's head to see things as they are in Warsaw. For instance, the Polish Socialist Party opposes a Polish agreement with the Ukrainian Soviet Government and supports Petlura, while the Polish capitalists, having no other natural market, stand for "sound relations" between the two countries. Hence the recent Riga treaties. Lenin recognizes a frontier which even Poland's allies will not recognize, and which no counter-revolutionary Russian government would accept. Finally, as Premier Ponikowski said to me, "We do not fear the bolshevist contagion; we know that our people are immune or they would have succumbed during the two Red invasions." Therefore Poland's stand at Genoa must not be taken too seriously. France, her master, jerks her in one direction; national interests draw her toward a working alliance with Soviet Russia. Ultimately self-interest will prove the stronger, but she is still weak and the hand of France is heavy upon her. Russia, preparing for the worst, has massed troops on the Polish border. Perhaps Wrangel will get his soldiers after all, and an ally to boot. But I think he will be disappointed, and France also.

But whatever Poland does, Wrangel can count upon his troops in Czecho-Slovakia. While the general was preparing to review his army in Bulgaria, and his emissaries were carrying money to Warsaw, his agent Burzev was dispatched to Prague. Most of the 18,000 Russians in Czecho-Slovakia are Wrangelists. Six thousand of his troops are employed on the land and 1,400 of his officers are "on leave" studying in universities or technical schools. The Czech Government pays a monthly subsidy, averaging 3,500,000 kronen, chiefly to the officer students. Since Czecho-Slovakia gives her blind war invalids only 30 hellers daily, and these Wrangel officers "a hundred times as much," the Government is much criticized. In justice to President Masaryk and Premier Benes it must be stated that they refused to

[1] In mid-May the Bulgarian police discovered in the Hotel Continental in Sofia the headquarters of an elaborate secret Wrangel organization which had laid plans for seizure of the government of Bulgaria. It had prepared elaborate memoranda on the Bulgarian railroads, army, etc. Through its branches in all the leading cities of Bulgaria it was equipped to mobilize on short notice the 40,000 Russian emigrants, including 17,000 soldiers in Bulgaria. It was the uproar following this discovery which led to reports abroad of a Bulgarian revolution.—Editor.

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have a hand in the recent Jugoslav-Rumanian-Wrangel agreement, and, since their early flings, have consistently opposed intervention in Russia. But if Benes falls? The Kramarcz party is openly pro-Wrangel.

The most significant aspect of the counter-revolution, however, is neither military nor political but economic. Wrangel's chief support in his previous campaign was not from the Allied governments but from private financial groups. The Franco-Russian mining interests, whose holdings in iron, coal, and petroleum in the Ekaterinoslav and Kharkov regions led them to finance Wrangel in 1920, still support him. The grain interests are represented by the Moscow National Bank (driven to London by the Reds), and the "R.Z.S." in Prague (Russky Zemedelec Sojuz, Russian Agricultural Association). Alexander Wynnczuk, a former Kolchak officer, secretary of the "R.Z.S.," explained to me that his organization aimed "to train our people in the theory and practice of modern agriculture, and to secure credits for the reconstruction of rural Russia. Our teachers are paid by the Moscow National Bank and the Czech Government. Everything in the way of machines and materials has been arranged for with various Czech firms. We have also been able to secure cash loans. For instance, in Paris last December our M. Marokuev signed an agreement with the great New York banking house of ——— [he asked me not to use this name], whereby a gold credit comes to the 'R.Z.S.'"

If the counter-revolution has again suddenly become a factor in international affairs, the credit or blame belongs to this group, the Center bloc, with its military, political, and financial activities. The extreme Right and the Left of the counter-revolution are not so important, despite the large amount of space gained by them in the public prints, the former by murders and the latter by speeches. These parties lack both military and economic weapons, and represent no considerable number of the 2,000,000 émigrés. They consist, rather, of "leaders," who quarrel among themselves and form ever new minorities.

The Left of the counter-revolution includes the remnants of the right Socialist parties of pre-Soviet days, especially the Social-Revolutionary (Kerensky-Chernov) and Social-Democrat (Rubenstein-Markovin) members of the Constituent Assembly which never assembled. They are not "Socialist" as an American understands the word, but rather "Farmer-Labor" and "Fabian." From the beginning they have opposed all forms of intervention, believing that bolshevism—an inevitable transition from the opposite extreme of czarism—is preparing Russia for "moderate socialism." Secondly, they are pledged to an autonomous or "federated" Russia—but that is what Lenin has created. Their political philosophy is not essentially different from that of their friends Briand and Masaryk; and their program of a federated Russia has endeared them to certain persons in Downing Street who prefer a weak to a strong Russian nation. Nevertheless, as preachers of the *via media* in a post-war period of violent action and reaction, they have fared ill in their attempt to influence Allied policy. Most prominent among them are, of course, Catherine Breshkovsky and her "boy" Alexander Kerensky, minister of war and then premier of the government overthrown by the Communist revolution.

I come from an afternoon with the "Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution." I found her living in a suburb of Prague, in the villa of a general of old Russia, as far away in mind as body from the present realities of the revolution. Thirty-three years in Siberian prisons, nearly eighty years given freely for what we should call liberalism; the long fight against czarism, then against communism, now against both Reds and Whites; still believing in the Russian peasant and in the ideal which burst in August, 1914—I heard the story, reverently I hope, and came away depressed. Breshkovsky's life and Kerensky's speeches are the measure of the left counter-revolution, which has no part in the stealthy gathering of White armies and the bartering of oil kings—and thus no part in the Russian settlement.

The extreme Right, since its conference at Reichenhall in Bavaria last year, is organized under the "High Monarchical Council" in Berlin, presided over by the notorious "Black Hundred" leader, Markov. Here are the Czar's high officers who sold the Russian army to their intimates of the Prussian Staff, the high priests, the upper nobility, and the hangers-on. It is the Czar's Court, which left Rasputin and its dead behind and fled with its filth to the German Kaiser in 1917. Now it wants another Romanov and the Russia which it rotted away. Fortunately it receives no support from foreign governments or financial powers, and has no organized army. There are 250,000 Russians in Germany, but perhaps not over 10 per cent are of this group. They oppose the Wrangel Centrists. They cooperate with Hohenzollern, Wittelsbach, and Hapsburg restorationists, but are divided between Germanophiles and Francophiles. General Semionov is one of them. As a result of the Nabokov murder and the Soviet treaty the German Government seems to be on the point of expelling their leaders. The attempted murder of Miliukov in Berlin was the outcome of a personal more than a political feud; he refused to surrender certain private letters of the Czarina, and the two Czarist officers as a point of honor tried to kill him. Catherine Breshkovsky told me, however, that this group has a murder list of fourteen of its political enemies. She is proud that her name is well toward the top.

The Center is the power of the counter-revolution. It is the triune power of Church-Land-Finance, and a general who is tired of being a tramp. It won at Washington, it lost at Genoa—or maybe it did not lose at Genoa. Perhaps the issue is now being fought out between the capitalists of France, Russia, and America, and the capitalists of England, Holland, and Germany. If the latter succeed in bringing the Soviets to satisfactory terms Wrangel will be stopped where the Rumanian road ends. But if Lenin will not give enough, the backers of Wrangel may win. Perhaps the historian will be able to reveal how certain of the wiser magnates played safe by backing both sides. Yet even the conjurers of wealth may find it hard to breathe life into that which is dead, and bring back ghosts.

* * * *

A true ghost story: In Prague are two Russian schools. One is for children of the Whites, the other for Reds. Between them is a fence. A child put his head to a crack in the fence and called, "What is this game you play each morning?" "It's no game, it's a prayer," was the horrified answer. "And what's a prayer?" "You say it to the holy ikon." Mystified silence; then, "Anyway we want to know it." After counseling on the other side of the fence, "Yes; but you must teach us the song you always sing." "The Internationale?" "The happy one!" . . . They did not live happily ever after—the Powers intervened.

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Ten Percent

By ELBERT AIDLINE-TROMMER

THEY are two words—plain, simple words whose meaning I do not understand and which, like a pointed sword, have hung over me since I was scarcely six years of age—something ominous, sinister lurks in the very sound of the short phrase. At times it seems to me the two words spell the name of one of those unknown terrors that on a long winter night, in the semi-darkness of the nursery, prey on a child's imagination. At other times they stand for the tall, husky police captain, the dread of the street urchins who scatter at his approach.

I am too young to understand the two words and, besides, they have such a strange ring—*Diesiat Protzentov*—Ten Percent. True, I learned to read and write at four, and now, in my seventh year, I can read a book and even write a letter. It is mother who taught me all that. But I have not yet mastered the intricacies of arithmetic and cannot understand the meaning of Ten Percent. One thing, however, I am certain of—Ten Percent must be something bad, undesirable.

As I grow older, I hear father and mother speak about it more frequently; and often, already in bed, I wake up at the sound of the words Ten Percent coming from the dining-room or the parlor. One evening I can restrain myself no longer. I jump out of bed and run into the room where father and mother are having their tea. Both regard me with surprise: "What's Ten Percent?" I ask.

A sad smile comes over their faces. Mother pats my head, and father says: "Go back to bed. We'll tell you tomorrow."

"No, tell me now—I want to know. Why don't you tell me?" But they are firm in their resolve, and I have to go back to bed.

The next day I keep clamoring for an answer to my question, until mother explains that they were discussing sending me to school, that they want me to enter the government *Gymnasium*, and that it is a very hard thing to do. Here I break in:

"Why, hasn't papa enough money to buy me a uniform?" And in my imagination looms up the beautiful uniform of dark-green cloth with bright shiny buttons, military cap with gold galloons, and a coat of arms, which I have seen the high-school boys wear. Again a sad smile appears on mother's face, and then she explains: In our city, counting eighty thousand inhabitants, there is only one high school—a *Gymnasium*—for boys, with accommodations for four hundred students, and of those four hundred only forty may be Jews. Such is the Russian law[1]—before one Jew is allowed to attend high school nine Gentiles must be admitted. This is the meaning of Ten Percent. And here I interpose:

"Why, mamma, aren't there more Jews than Russians in our city? Can't the Jews get together and buy a few desks and place them in the school for the Jewish boys?" And as no answer comes, I go on asking: "And why do they allow only one Jew to ten Gentiles?"

"Because we are Jews . . ."

"What is the difference between Jews and Gentiles?"

But mother grows impatient and will answer no more questions.

"I'll tell you some other time. Go and play or read. Here, take Grimm's 'Fairy Tales,'" and she hands me a handsomely bound book, a present from my uncle. Far from being content I obey nevertheless, go to the parlor, take refuge in a rocking chair—but I cannot read. Something will not let me. "Because we are Jews . . ."

Autumn comes with its dreary, rainy days when one cannot run about and play in the open, and with the autumn comes an instructor to prepare me for the *Gymnasium* entrance examination. There are no public schools to speak of in Russia, and a private tutor will prepare me for high school. Next summer I will attempt to enter the preparatory class of the *Gymnasium*, and the requirements are high—one must pass an examination in arithmetic through the four operations, and also in the Russian language—writing from dictation, grammar, and reading. And my teacher is rather strict and comes at four o'clock sharp every day except Saturdays. He is a slim, bespectacled individual, with hollow cheeks and such a queer intonation that it seems to me he is always angry with someone or at least with me. No doubt I give him sufficient cause to be displeased with me, for is it not so much more interesting to read "Fairy Tales" or "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" than to study rules of grammar and where and how and why to use the letter *Yaht* instead of *Yeh*, and how to multiply thirteen by twelve in one's head?

And—alas!—my lessons are often left unprepared and, Oh, with what undisguised scorn Mr. Kunin scrutinizes me through his glasses!

After a few weeks of coaching he complains to my parents. I do not seem to be making much headway. And father and mother admonish me to study harder, reminding me of Ten Percent, reminding me that I must be better prepared than any other boy, for there are only five vacancies for Jewish boys, and at least one hundred are going to take the examination. And they tell me that the only salvation for a Jew in Russia is to study, to go through high school, then to enter a university, and to acquire a profession. Jewish professional men are allowed a little more freedom, a few more rights than the plain uneducated Jews. And my young brain falls again under the influence of the bogy—Ten Percent. And I begin to study with more zeal. And even the rarely smiling Mr. Kunin seems pleased.

Spring is here. Warm breezes are wafted from the South. The ice on the Dnieper breaks, and the wide stream, freed from bondage, flows faster as if to make up for lost time. In our large courtyard there are puddles and pools of water; and, Oh, how irresistibly tempting it is to spend these beautiful days in the open and away from grammar and arithmetic and the impending examinations and the thought of the thrice-accursed Ten Percent!

Summer is under way. Acacia blossoms line the sidewalks, but I, an eight-year-old Jew, spend all my days in studying. Only once in a great while do I take a rest, and

[1] The law upon which this story is based was abolished with the overthrow of the czars. Are our colleges about to reintroduce the principle?—EDITOR THE NATION.

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we board the car for the City Park, the old park planted in the days of Catherine the Great by her favorite, Prince Potiomkin. It is old and neglected and full of tall trees—oaks and maples—with here and there a poplar, and on almost every branch a crow's nest.

"Have you prepared your lessons for tomorrow?" mother asks. We hastily return home. I spend all evening trying to puzzle out how many boxes of tea at two rubles a pound were bought by a certain merchant in Moscow, and how many pounds of sugar at sixteen kopecks a pound were sold by the same worthy.

The summer is at an end. Two more weeks to the twentieth of August, the day of the examination. Mr. Kunin grows more and more serious. He quizzes me daily. After a number of rehearsals he assures my parents that I am ready not only for the preparatory grade but even for the first class.

The day before the examination he admonishes me not to get frightened when I am called upon to recite and, in general, to behave like a man. He rehearses me once more. He puts the hardest and catchiest questions, but I avoid all his traps successfully and answer to his complete satisfaction.

Early in the morning. I open my eyes. It is dark in the room, and in a minute I am asleep again, but father comes over to my bed and taps me on the shoulder: "Come, get up, it is seven o'clock."

I jump up and begin to dress. I am so excited I can hardly eat breakfast. I don my new sailor suit especially made for the occasion. I put a penholder, a few pen-points, and a bottle of ink in my pocket—they do not furnish any at the *Gymnasium*. At last I am ready, and father and I start for school.

"God be with you!" mother whispers as she kisses me. There is a strange tremor in her voice and as I look up I see tears in her eyes. . . .

After half an hour's walk we reach the *Gymnasium*, a long, white, two-story building. We enter through the main entrance and through a few winding corridors pass into a long, wide hall. For a minute or so I am lost. Boys of all ages and sizes run to and fro in groups of two and three, laughing, joking, arguing. The din and turmoil bewilder me. We meet a few more fathers with their sons. Some of them we know. We greet each other, and while we boys stop to talk I notice that our fathers eye each other with glances far from friendly; young as I am I divine the reason—there are so many of us, and only five vacancies.

Through a side door a tall, stout man comes in, accompanied by a boy of my age. They are Gentiles and the father apparently a landed proprietor from the country. He asks my father where the examination for the preparatory class is to be held, and both get into an animated conversation.

"Well," says the Russian, "I see you have brought your lad, too."

"Yes," answers my father, but here the other man espies an acquaintance of his, apologizes to my father, and walks off. And one of our group remarks:

"They have it easy, the Gentiles have—they don't know of any ten percent restrictions," and a sigh escapes from his breast.

I am all wrought up, nervous, impatient for the examination to begin. At last, a man in a government uniform comes from the director's office and announces: "All those taking the examination for the preparatory class step this way."

And as I step this way I hear father's hurried whisper: "Don't be afraid." The glass door closes behind me, and I find myself in a long, wide room with eight large windows. Opposite the door, at the farther end of the room, stands a dais and on it four chairs and a table. A number of desks are placed in four rows and occupy almost all of the room. In a corner, to the left of the dais, an ikon is suspended with an image lamp before it. To the right a large framed picture of Czar Nicholas II. I sit down at one of the desks, overwhelmed by the unusual surroundings. Some of the boys, apparently accustomed to a classroom, seem to feel at home and raise a racket. Suddenly the door behind us opens and a voice commands: "Stand up!"

We rise. Three teachers enter and walk majestically toward the dais. Not a sound is heard but their steps. Then one of them says: "Someone will read 'Our Father.'"

A boy steps to the front and says the prayer. The other Christian boys cross themselves. I feel, or perhaps it only seems to me that I feel, the hostile glances of the Gentile boys. "They must have recognized that I am a Jew," occurs to me. "They must have noticed that I am not making the sign of the cross," and I flush all over.

"Sit down." We do so. The roll is called, and each of us answers: "Here!" Each has a different voice, and it seems so funny. Next comes the dictation. I am so excited that words I know how to spell seem strange to me; my handwriting is hardly legible. At last, the test is over. They collect the copy books. Then a problem in arithmetic is dictated to us. Oh, joy—it is exactly the problem Mr. Kunin and myself solved a week ago. It is an easy problem! I am calmer by this time and when I am about to raise my hand—I feel the Gentile boy next to me tug at my sleeve:

"Wait a minute, don't hand it in," he whispers. "Let me copy first."

"Let me alone," I whisper back. He is about to make a remark when one of the teachers appears near us and says to me:

"Don't you know you're not allowed to prompt?"

"But I didn't," I attempt to vindicate myself.

"Come, come, none of your dirty Jewish tricks! If I catch you at it again, you'll have to leave the classroom!"

Bewildered and frightened to death, I do not utter another word and try not to listen to my neighbor's angry whisper: "Oh, you lousy, dirty *Zhid!*"

At last, the written examination in arithmetic is also over and the oral test begins. They call on the Gentile boys first, and Oh, what easy questions they ask them! My hope for passing returns. How well I could answer every one of these questions! And those stupid boys hesitate and, what is more, make stupid, ridiculous answers, but the teachers look at them with smiles of encouragement and help them out with suggestions. How nice and kind the teachers are, after all!

But here a Jewish boy is called to the blackboard. He is required to do an example in multiplication. He begins to recite:

"Three times nine make twenty-seven, we put down seven and keep two . . ."

"Yes," one of the examiners interrupts, "but why keep your hand in your pocket?" And the boy's ease of manner

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is gone. And he begins to mumble something incoherent.

"That'll do. Abramovitch!"

Abramovitch is a boy of nine. This is his second attempt, and somehow they fail to trip him. Question after question is flung at him, but he answers them readily, and I see the teachers nod in sign of approval.

"Very good, that'll do," says one of them and, happy and radiant, Abramovitch returns to his seat.

"Five," my neighbor whispers to me, and I rejoice and feel proud that a Jewish boy has been given the highest mark. He is followed by a few others, but none of them meets with his success. Finally I hear my name called. I step forward. I am asked to read, and do so satisfactorily. I answer questions in grammar, solve the problem on the board.

"That's enough," says one of the teachers, but another stops me:

"Wait a minute, tell us how much is fifty-nine times fifty-nine. No, not on the board—do it in your head."

Stupefied, I stare at him. Mr. Kunin has never taught me that. On the contrary, he told me that such questions are usually asked of boys who take the examination for the second class. A few moments pass. Endless, agonizing moments . . .

"Well, how much is it, young man?" I hear a stern voice, but make no answer.

"Are you dumb? Look me straight in the eye!" I hear the same voice shout. I raise my eyes. The examiner transfixes me with his stare—and I become conscious that I am doomed . . .

I am not alone in my misery—a goodly hundred Jewish boys, with heads bent low, are plodding homeward. Shamefacedly I reach home, shamefacedly I look at Mr. Kunin. I see that he himself feels somewhat uneasy.

"Who could have imagined they would ask him to multiply fifty-nine by fifty-nine in his head?" I hear him tell father in apologetic tones. But no one is reproaching him. Nor does anyone say anything unkind to me. And this silent sympathy affects me more than the severest scolding would. I go to bed early, but cannot fall asleep—I have gone through too much excitement in this one day. And from the adjoining room come sighs and—is it again the accursed Ten Percent I hear mentioned in whispers?

It is very late when my eyelids close at last. My sleep is disturbed, and I see a weird dream. The figures whirl in a round dance before me. The cipher stops in front of me for a while. It is such a funny figure—round, on short legs, and it opens its big, wide mouth and jeers and laughs at me. The other figures join in, and shout: "Fifty-nine times fifty-nine! Ten Percent!" I wake with a start, remind myself of yesterday's events, and tears choke me. I hide my head in the pillow and cry. . . .

In the Driftway

THE Glasgow *Forward* prints an industrious compilation concerning our grandfather Adam. It seems that if, assuming Adam to have been born 6,000 years ago, he had frugally laid away ten shillings a week (assuming, also, that the shilling was currency in the Garden of Eden instead of three white pebbles and a mussel shell) he would now be the proud possessor of £156,000. Of course 6,000 years is longer than the period of saving of the ordinary man, even though he began by going without lunch in early youth, but when the Drifter had read so far he was forthwith seized with a desire to lay by his ten shilling bits. The point of the Glasgow *Forward* story, however, is not how much Adam would have had but how little. The compilation goes on to show that if Adam had used common ordinary foresight he would have put his money out at compound interest, and that his wealth today would be, in round numbers:

£32,811,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,-
000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,-
000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,-
000,000,000,

which is undeniably a large sum.

* * * * *

OF course nobody need be worried. Adam was not a saving soul. Shillings were nothing to him, and he has not, today, enough money to buy all the earth and give it back to its present owners without noticing the difference. But, says the Glasgow *Forward,* this shows the wickedness of the present financial system; the first man who decided that his money could earn more money without the intervention of goods is responsible for the present condition of the world. And here is where the Drifter must disagree. The fault lies not with the first man, but with the second. He should have thought out another way of making money instead of copying someone else. That is the trouble with the world today: lack of originality. The first man who rode in the subway obviously did not crowd it, but when several hundreds of thousands follow suit, see what happens. It was the second man, the imitator, who introduced competition—he caused all the trouble. The remedy is evidently to do away with the first man who copies your favorite occupation; which may serve as a warning to anyone found attempting to be

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

New Jersey Is All Right

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What's the matter with this boy Edmund Wilson, Jr., whose brain seeps vitriol when he writes of New Jersey in your issue of June 14? Haven't we had about enough of childhood when it comes to general damnation of things such as this? Give an old man a chance, please!

First, New Jersey is all right. It was good enough for me to be born in and I'm quite glad my children are tagged with the same birthplace. Incidentally it was good enough for young Wilson to be born in—if I am not mistaken he selected his parents and his home from among the real folks of Red Bank—just as it was good enough for him to derive his education in, and to live in until the smart-aleck Greenwich Village cherubs and cherubims seduced him into the great Metropolis, and Condé Nast and his associates hired him to roast all things Victorian and medieval. Think of it! He can't be over 23 or 24 and yet his adolescent mind is all upset because the exit from a New York tunnel has not been carefully scrubbed with benzin, or because the folks who live in the suburbs really have to go to work and can't be home-bodies all the time, or because others, tired and worn out, bob around the Boardwalk at Atlantic City in carnival fashion. Think of it! A child of 24 finding so much fault. If I didn't know his father so well, and love him for the permanent American he is, I'd join with him in taking down this stripling's trousers and spanking him in a perfectly proper manner on a perfectly proper place.

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Between ourselves, Mr. Editor, hasn't the time come to check indiscriminate scolding by youngsters? I'd have had my head cracked off by my grandfather if I had found fault with anything at 24. I've lived in New Jersey many decades longer than young Wilson, and it's a darn good State. Sure it has its faults, the same as any other State, but why let a child scream about them? Why not ask an old-timer, who probably screened young Wilson from many of the sins of life—Dean West, of Princeton—to write such an essay? Why not ask young Wilson's father, who has held high and honorable position in New Jersey and who could have been the State's chief executive on several occasions had he evinced such a desire? Yet you pick a boy.

How sad it is to think a New Jersey library bars the books of H. G. Wells! How sorrowful there should be a Sunday-school excursion to Ocean Grove; that Atlantic City should sell souvenirs; that folks play golf and tennis and "there is no development of society," etc.! Yes, it is pitiful, and it comes from a youngster who can unhesitatingly use the word "autochthonous" in describing the State of all Jerseymen. The man is measured there—at least his criticism is. Why should anyone be permitted the use of such a word? If a dictionary carries it let us burn it at once. If I had ever employed such a word to emphasize anything in my early newspaper days I would have been shot at dawn, and rightly so. At 80 I should reserve this right, but at 24 there is no such privilege.

Please, Oh please, for the sake of age let us teach our children that knowledge is power and that it is acquired only after experience, and that at 24 we may feel we are mature but at 55 we know we are not.

Newark, June 15 HARVEY THOMAS

Constructive Humility

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Wilson has said harsh words about our State—but their lesson cannot but be salutary. Overdrawn, perhaps, yet the indictment goes straight home. Let us hope that all of those who, despite its drawbacks, as Mr. Wilson has so vividly painted them, still cannot help loving that corner of the universe we call "home," will pitch in to remove some of the sordid rust, stain, tarnish, scum, ooze, tinsel, and veneer that "civilization" has put upon New Jersey and "made her what she is today." It's not going to help matters, nor make Mr. Wilson's charges less true, to sniff at them, or to say "'taint so." It *is*, unfortunately, a messy State. Let all people who really care for her nevertheless, let those who have civic pride, get together and try to unmess and unshackle "The Slave of Two Cities."

Atlantic City, June 16 ALICE PARSONS

Relief in West Virginia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On behalf of the West Virginia Miners Relief Committee I want to thank you for the cordial and effective cooperation which *The Nation* has given us in our effort to help the miner of the New River Coal District in his struggle to maintain his union and to secure a living wage, both of which are quite clearly his due according to any American standard of justice and freedom.

Your many readers who have helped by their own contributions and by enlisting the aid of others may be interested to know that since our New York campaign began, on May 13, we have sent to West Virginia over $8,000. Organized labor is gallantly responding to the call—a contribution of $1,000 has been received from one A. F. of L. local, $500 has been sent by another local direct to West Virginia, and a joint board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers has appropriated $1,000. This, of course, hardly feeds for a single day so many thousands of hungry men, women, and little children. This amount must be repeated and repeated and repeated until the strike is justly settled.

Evictions continue and only today we received a report that at one place the drinking water had been cut off because the men refused to go to work on the company's terms. How long it was intended that the water remain off the men did not know, but even a short time would produce a dangerous situation.

This fight is our fight. It is not only the fight of the striking miners, it is not only the fight of American labor, it is the fight of all of us who believe in the American principle of fair play. Even more gratifying than the letters of appreciation that have come to our committee from the miners are the declarations of their determination to stand firm for their rights "till Gabriel toots his horn," as one miner expressed it. We call upon every believer in social justice to send a contribution—now—so that this splendid spirit shall not be broken.

Baltimore, June 8 ELISABETH GILMAN,
Treasurer, West Virginia Miners Relief Committee

We Did, Long Ago

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note your editorial on the steel situation, on page 706 of your last issue, which ends with the sentence: "Somehow the story doesn't fit with what we were taught in economics of the virtues of competition in curbing monopoly and reducing prices." Why should it, since that teaching was pure nonsense? Competition has no slightest tendency to keep prices down. All that it can do is to prevent any one dealer from raising his prices appreciably faster than his competitors do. But the mean price-level for all commodities and all dealers is elevated by competition as by no other economic force. Except in a most temporary sense, it exceeds even war in this respect. For commercial competition is now costing this country between three and four times what the Great War cost it; that is to say, about $125,000,000 per diem.

In view of the fact that the writer's book "The Cost of Competition" published a complete outline of this fact sixteen years ago, basing it upon the U. S. census reports for 1850-1900 inclusive; and in view of the fact that the writer's larger book "Modern Economic Tendencies," which dealt with this whole problem more carefully, including statistics up to 1915, was recently reviewed in the columns of *The Nation;* and in view of the fact that no prosecution under the Sherman anti-monopoly act has ever resulted in the slightest sign of any reduction of prices through the forced maintenance of competition; and in view of the fact that the world-approved factory-system, which is responsible for our present marvelous productivity of wealth and which is enforced by every employer of labor in the interests of efficiency, never permits any ownership, duplication of effort, or competition over prices to sully its premises—because every business man knows that the instant these things enter his system efficiency flies out at the window; in view of all these things, isn't it about time that *The Nation,* which pretends (with good basis) to be a leader of public opinion, drop this archaic tradition?

New York, June 11 SIDNEY A. REEVE

The Height of Enthusiasm

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent article about San Francisco Mr. James Rorty makes the statement that the peak of Tamalpais rises "five thousand feet above the bay." The Patron Saint of all Bay Region hikers is not, unfortunately, quite so imposing. The West Peak of Tamalpais, the highest of its three, has an altitude, according to government data, of 2,604 feet.

Berkeley, California, June 7 S. G. MORLEY

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Books

Tolstoi as Prophet

Christianity and Patriotism. By L. N. Tolstoi. Translated by Constance Garnett, the Introduction by Edward Garnett. London: Jonathan Cape.

HOW many of us writing today of things present and future are likely to be found correct in prophecy and modern in thought if reprinted in 1950? Tolstoi's searching analysis of patriotism was penned in 1894. Mr. Garnett explains in his introduction that the work is very little known in English. During the war Tolstoi was ostracized; to the generation "sacrificed on the altar of the Balance of Power, 1914-18," he was "merely a great misty name," while before it, people did not want to read polemics on such subjects. Today, while we are still in the trough of a war-wave, the inquiry is very pertinent, and Mrs. Garnett has rendered it into admirably lucid English.

Tolstoi was moved to this vigorous piece of writing by the inauguration of the Franco-Russian alliance, of which he foresaw the results. He draws a masterly picture of the frenzied enthusiasm with which the Russian sailors were greeted on the occasion of their return visit to France. The dinners, the speeches, the gushing efflorescence of the press, the intoxication of the crowds, the catchwords of the hour: "Cronstadt!" "Toulon!" "Vive la France!" "Vive la Russie!" This orgy of emotion took place in 1893, and inspired in him feelings, first "of amusement, then of perplexity, then of indignation," as he looked through the thick veils of pretense to the underlying motive. Aside from the collective insanity engendered by it, he condemns it all because "it is a lie." On every occasion peace was loudly proclaimed the object of the alliance, while a tacit silence was preserved as to what was in the hearts of all. Now and again the truth leaked out, as when a sophisticated periodical enlarged on the military strength gained as against Germany, or when a bishop, "launching an iron-clad, prayed to God for peace, while making it felt, however, that if something happened he could appeal to God for war also." In short, the alliance, like all others of its kind so-called of peace, was in reality "a league of war."

Tolstoi examines into the respective animosities against Germany of the two Powers then cementing friendship. "Why," he asks, "is it that in all the French colleges history is taught from a manual, compiled by Monsieur Lavisse, twenty-first edition, 1889," in which a paragraph tells how, after the war of 1870, France easily paid "l'énorme contribution de guerre de cinq milliards" but lost her military renown and her provinces. To retake these from Germany, it declares, it is necessary that the pupils become good citizens and good soldiers. That they may grow into the latter is the reason French history is taught them. "L'Histoire de France montre que dans notre pays les fils ont toujours vengé les désastres de leurs pères." An example of past vengeance on England is cited, and is followed by a direct exhortation to revenge Sedan and Metz. "C'est votre devoir, le grand devoir de votre vie. Vous devez y pensez toujours." Following the direction of many such finger-posts, both in Russia and France, Tolstoi looks ahead to the time when, as in the Turkish war of his experience, "the ruin of hundreds of thousands of innocent people and the brutalization and degradation of millions" having been brought about, "those to whom it is profitable will assert with full conviction that since there has been war, that proves that it is inevitable, and they will begin again preparing future generations for it, corrupting them from their childhood."

For Tolstoi saw society in black and white, the oppressed and the oppressors, "the everlastingly deceived foolish working-people" who, with their "blistered hands," have done all the work and provided all the food for those "who, deceiving them, are preparing the most fearful calamities for them"; the childlike people "naively delighted at the dressed-up admirals and presidents, at the flags waving above them, and at the fireworks and the playing bands; though before they have had time to look about them," there will be none of these things, "but only the desolate wet plain, cold, hunger, misery—in front of them the slaughtering enemy, behind them the relentless government, blood, wounds, agonies, rotting corpses, and a senseless, useless death." This is the head and front of his grievance against governments: that they make wars and commit all manner of oppressions to the detriment of the people by whom they are supported in the name of patriotism. And patriotism is, in his definition, "for the governing nothing but a weapon for the attainment of aggressive and mercenary aims, and for the governed is the denial of human dignity, common sense, and conscience, and slavish subjection to those who are in authority." In early times he grants it may have had meaning when its purpose was to save civilization set like an island amidst a sea of barbarians; but in these days of intermixed nationalities, creeds, and cultures, he declares it to be not merely un-Christian and incompatible with the moral principles which we profess but "an unmistakable vice."

Although it is true, as Tolstoi says, that "very often the men of one state are nearer and more essential to the men of another state than their own countrymen," more especially men of learning and artists, there does at the same time exist everywhere a measure of genuine national feeling which he wholly underestimates and which there should be no need whatever to abolish. National variations ought to give zest and color to life, as the livest society is that made up of independent self-conscious individuals. And just as mature individuals are the first to recognize their neighbors' rights, so too would mature nations be. It is not alone governments, nor even the acquisitively minded governing class that are to blame, but rather the fact that as group units we are still barbarous and immature in character. If it be true that the intelligence of a crowd is only on a level with the least of its members, national consciousness is by the same law only on a par with the ability of its stupidest and most primitive class. As nations, we do not wish for truth; we do not want to think; we prefer to be told what to do and to follow blindly. This leads to the abuse and prostitution of national pride, which is rightly the object of Tolstoi's attack.

Having poured scorn and opprobrium on governments and profiteers till we are tempted to expostulate that even if they be a cancer on the body politic they are not extraneous to it, Tolstoi turns and deftly draws a wider view of life, in which all classes fall into their right perspective. He shows us kings, politicians, land-owners, journalists, priests, teachers, and all the rest solemnly performing their several functions. "And they act not with Machiavellian wickedness, not with consciousness of the evil they are doing, but for the most part with the naive conviction that they are doing something good and elevated—a conviction in which they are constantly supported by the sympathy and approval of all around them." It is our same old familiar world, creaking along in its habitual ruts, but in the light of Tolstoi's penetrating truth what a tangle of thwarted endeavors it appears, of initial good sacrificed at the dictates of expediency. The oil, as it were, by which the machinery works is false public opinion, and he probes deep into the processes of its manufacture. It is rather like the emperor's new clothes, having no existence in actuality: a conventional cloak shrouding most minds and only seen through by the mentally clear-sighted.

To change this "out-of-date and pernicious order of life," all that is needed, according to Tolstoi, is "that every individual should say what he really thinks and feels, or at least should not say what he does not think." He would have us point out "to the limit of our powers the unreasonableness of what we clearly see to be unreasonable," and claims that this would bring about a greater revolution in every stratum of life than could be accomplished by any other means. Governments "know that strength lies not in force but in thought and

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the clear expression of it," hence their efforts to control it. "But the spiritual force which moves the world slips away from them," for they represent always the outworn ideas and "what is old decays, what is young grows." Tolstoi's solution is a simple and a brave one. In the Russia of his day men went to jail for it, as they have done elsewhere through these recent years. That is because they were so few; if enough had spoken clearly, refusing to compromise with expediency, all would have been well.

B. U. BURKE

Short Stories

Twenty-Nine Tales from the French. Selected and Translated by Alys Eyre Macklin. With an Introductory Essay by Robert Herrick. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

The Best Short Stories of 1921. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1921. Chosen by the Society of Arts and Sciences. With an Introduction by Blanche Colton Williams. Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.90.

IN attributing to French newspapers a great and salutary influence upon the development of the *conte*, Mr. Herrick invites comparison. The comparison derives particular pertinence from the fact that this time Mr. O'Brien has chosen his stories in the temper with which a Hearst editor chooses his "feature" for the headline of an afternoon paper. Of the twenty "Best Short Stories," six deal with murder and one with attempted murder, four with fatal accidents, three with suicide, three with spiritualism, and one with philandering and divorce. One is a semi-sociological treatment of sex and one is a romantic study of subjection to "dope."

A striking instance will show, however, that it is Mr. O'Brien rather than our writers who is influenced by this phase of American journalism. Sherwood Anderson's Brothers is the worst story in his volume. Mr. Anderson simply takes the infamous Carl Wanderer case, crudely accentuates its sex motive, and places it bodily in a mystic frame. Brothers is probably one of the least artistic efforts of Mr. Anderson; certainly it is the worst story he published last year; yet this, of all his work, is chosen to represent a truly great American writer.

It is in the treatment of their subjects rather than in their choice of subject matter that our authors betray the influence of the newspaper. Their stenographic realism, their deadly earnestness, their staccato dialogue, and their exhaustive fullness live up to all the requirements of the newspaper "story." And they fulfil as completely the demands of the "feature" editor. They ignore the infinite variety of situation arising from the basic difference in the impulses, reactions, and attitudes of men, but they seek superficial novelty; they seem utterly unaware of the irony of human action, but they are smartly satiric toward the awkward deed; they fail to appreciate the universality of tragedy, but they sentimentalize about failure.

"The French newspaper," writes Mr. Herrick, "giving voice to any and all phases of life, whether so-called actual or imagined, making no very great distinction between the two, has been the fertile forcing bed for the French story-teller." The American newspaper, roaring out the obvious, the gross, and the concrete, has been a blasting-furnace which has withered the most delicate perceptions of our artists.

Yet within the narrow limits of their vision our story-tellers are vastly superior to the authors of the *conte*. Comparing Mr. O'Brien's collection with its French contemporary one is struck by certain revelatory characteristics: the American story is more trivial but never as dull; it is less skilful in the treatment of nuances but achieves greater technical perfection in the whole. It is richer in detail and atmosphere. And finally—this is its saving grace—despite Hawthorne and Poe, it smacks of the initial effort. The aroma of the French is unmistakably decadent.

It would be ridiculous to include the O. Henry volume in this comparison. With two exceptions, the stories therein represent nothing but "next to advertising" matter. "All's right with the world; now is the time to boost your goods!" And as proof: the vicious vampire is killed; the bad man drowned; the brave boy becomes a hero; the persevering waif a great actress; the true wife foils the pimp; Tommy Atkins comes into his own; the railroad manager is made a superintendent; and so on *ad nauseam*. Whether this is the result of a resolve to contribute to the spirit of normalcy or of an insistence on the "fulfilment of short-story structural laws" is a poser. One wonders whether Mr. Steele, who achieves a subtle portrait of the Arab, and Mr. Derieux, who presents a remarkable study of canine instincts, would have welcomed inclusion had they read this gem from Miss Williams's introduction: "Though admired as literature by the Committee, it [a rejected story] seemed to one or two of the members to present a character study rather than a story." Shades of Rip Van Winkle!

Writes Mr. Herrick of our tale: "It is something other than the French *conte*, lacking the self-assurance, the flexibility, the universality, the social quality in brief, which makes the French story unique. . . . The American short story, prolific and varied as it is, has a long way to go before it can adequately interpret American life and character as the French *conte* reflects the life and character of the French, in all moods and phases."

And if the American, jealous for the honors justly earned by our early practitioners of the art, seeks to know the explanation for our present inferiority, Mr. Herrick will give as his reason that "the *conte* is the instinctive method of expression of a nervous, cerebral, highly civilized race, whose readers can divine from a hint the hidden implications of the artist"; Mr. O'Brien will say it is due to the "chaos in many creative minds" resulting now that the Anglo-Saxon begins "to absorb large tracts of many other racial fields of memory"; Miss Williams will vaguely attribute it to "democracy," meaning thereby a wide range of incidents, and finding an inexplicable virtue in the fact that her authors seek new and numerous backgrounds for their basic commonplaces.

The explanation, it seems to me, is more simple and more profound. It has little to do with the different methods by which artists express national life; it has a great deal to do with the manner in which they interpret the process of living. The American, primitive fashion, treats the various manifestations of life as dissociated events. The European—for this trait is common to all the old races of the Continent—regards them as individual experiences in the continuous story of mankind. There is the difference, and it explains why our writers deal inconsequentially with the results of ideas and emotions while their European contemporaries illumine the hidden sources.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Books in Brief

THOSE robust readers who make a business of ignoring poetry day are probably justified by such volumes as John Drinkwater's "Seeds of Time" (Houghton Mifflin: $1.25) and Walter De La Mare's "The Veil and Other Poems" (Holt: $2). Here are two books by well-known, almost standard English poets of the minor sort—representative Georgians, competent technicians, right-minded men—and there is nothing bad in either book. Indeed there are dozens of pretty lines, and in the case of Mr. De La Mare there are several subtle turns of implication. But nowhere is there any poem that matters. Nothing gets said. Nothing gets done. Mr. Drinkwater remains the pastoral lamb through all his attempts at ruggedness in rhythm, and Mr. De La Mare adds little to the spirit-world he settled in too many years ago. With Gordon Bottomley it is different. Mr. Bottomley does sizable things, and he needs to be read by such as maintain that only novelists today show mind. Not

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merely his bulk but his conceptions and his whole poetical character are sizable. To the five verse-plays which he collected and published last year he now adds two, "Gruach and Britain's Daughter" (Small, Maynard: $3), which are possessed of important beauty and strength. "Gruach," like "King Lear's Wife" last year, plunges into the past of Shakespeare's people. The scene is Scotland, and the time is winter—Mr. Bottomley is especially good at winter-work. Gruach, a provincial thoroughbred, brilliant and passionate beyond the requirements or the understanding of those about her, on the eve of her wedding to a churl falls in love with a young envoy from Duncan's court, Macbeth, and nerves him to steal her away through midnight snow. "Britain's Daughter," dealing with the Roman conquest, achieves a peculiar effect of heroism against a background again of cruelty and cold. It is significant that Mr. Bottomley likes the far past and the night cold, for the world he creates is not a warmly breathing world. It is literary, poetical, not to be read for the life in it so much as for the art—for the calm, the care with which its bloodless beauty has been laid upon the page. If Mr. Bottomley is not a great poet he is an excellent one, and he ought to be better known.

OTTO E. LESSING has long been favorably known as one of those cultural intermediaries between Germany and the United States, of whom Kuno Francke, formerly of Harvard, was perhaps the most conspicuous example. As an interpreter of Whitman to the Germans and as the regular American correspondent of *Das literarische Echo*, he has kept the educated world of Germany informed about our intellectual life; as teacher of German literature in one of our largest universities, he has represented worthily and without insinuating bias the culture of the fatherland. But because he has chosen to do most of his writing in German he has not obtained as wide an audience in America as the suggestive quality of his work would warrant. Nor is his latest book, "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur in ihren Grundzügen" (Dresden: Carl Reissner), likely to attract much attention here, unless indeed it should be used as a college textbook, for which purpose it is in many ways suited. In a book of this sort, which traverses much-traveled ground, one looks for such qualities as clearness, orderly arrangement, and possibly, by the grace of God, a stimulating freshness. Stimulation was not lacking in Mr. Lessing's earlier work, notably in his essay on Grillparzer, but it is only slightly in evidence in the present book. While the novice will find this survey of German literature sanely planned and pleasantly written, the advanced student will discover little in it to engage his attention. Both the movements of literature and the reputations of individual authors are conventionally conceived. An exception must be made of Klinger, the Storm and Stress writer, to whom ten solid pages are devoted. It is plain that Mr. Lessing, unlike many historians, has really read Klinger, and that there is enough modernism in his blood to be stirred by the literature of effervescence and revolt. The book closes with the death of Goethe. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lessing will some time soon give us in English a series of interpretative essays on modern German culture—meaning by modern, nothing earlier than Grillparzer and Hebbel. Few, if any, are better fitted than he to help reknit some of the broken ties between the two countries.

IN "Perséphone" Marcelle Tinayre brought together two epochs, the present and the Greece of the Eleusinian mysteries. Her latest novel, "Le Bouclier d'Alexandre" (Paris: Calmann-Lévy), fuses several civilizations in a sort of prose epopee. The scene is the Roman world under Hadrian; the characters are Greek colonists at Tarentum whose portraits, rapidly sketched, add no little humor to the narrative. From this society there sets out a predestined youth, Chrysanthe, in quest of the shield of the Trojan Athena, taken from her temple by Alexander and given by him, in guerdon of love, to Thalestris, queen of the Amazons. The shield is guarded by a centaur and by Aiorpata, daughter of Alexander and Thalestris, in the temple of the bloodthirsty Taurian Diana. The quest, under protection of Athena, mingles memories of the Golden Fleece and of the Holy Grail with ancient folk-lore relating to the Amazons. The coming of Chrysanthe to the temple necessitates human sacrifice. Aiorpata has fallen in love with him on sight and refuses to slay him; she perishes at his hands after a rite recalling the visit of Thalestris to Alexander. It is only then that he realizes that the real object of his quest was not the shield, which he renounces, but love, which he has profaned. He has angered Athena by his failure to accomplish his mission and is crazed by grief for Aiorpata. She appears to him in a vision, carrying the shield, and leads him into an eternal exile of expiation. In spite of all, "his destiny was enviable. The jealousy of the gods had not prevented him from touching, with his mortal hands, the living form of his dream." These words echo the conclusion of "François Barbazanges" and may suffice to show the kinship of "Le Bouclier d'Alexandre" with the recent novels of Madame Tinayre. "Priscilla Séverac," just published in *La Revue de Paris*, relates the vital dream of an humble servant who believes herself directed by God to save the czar and Russia. Mme. Tinayre handles such plots masterfully; she is creating a little oasis all her own in French fiction.

THE title-page of "Why Europe Leaves Home" (Bobbs-Merrill: $3) describes the book as drawn from "accurate and de-propagandized information" gathered in Europe in 1920-21. Even if this were true, it would not redeem a discussion which the author, Kenneth L. Roberts, has approached with anything but a de-prejudiced mind. The volume would better be described as a hodge-podge of recent alarms and assumptions about immigration, swallowed whole by an author without sympathy for or appreciation of anyone but an Arrow-Collared American, and set forth in Smart Alec newspaperese. Typical of the "de-propagandized information" is the statement that "careful investigation" has "shown conclusively" that if the United States should remove its restrictions on immigration five million people would emigrate from Germany in ten years and a majority of them would head for America. Unfortunately for this prediction, official immigration statistics show that during the first three-fourths of the present fiscal year only one-fifth of the permissible annual quota of Germans entered this country, proving that even under the 3 per cent law the allowance for Germans is higher than the number that so far have wished to embrace the opportunity. In sharp and pleasing contrast to this mischievous volume is Robert E. Park's "The Immigrant Press and Its Control" (Harper: $2.50) in which the author has collected a wealth of valuable information and set it down in an admirably scholarly and judicial way. Mr. Park intrudes his own opinions hardly at all, but references to "coercive Americanization" and "professional Americanizers" indicate his distrust of those hasty individuals who would rush upon the newcomer at Ellis Island with a loyalty pledge in one hand and a sweat-shop contract in the other, demanding immediate acceptance of both. "Immigration and Labor" (Huebsch: $6) is a revised edition of an excellent factual treatise by Isaac A. Hourwich written ten years ago with the report of the Immigration Commission as its basis. In a new chapter on The Lessons of the War Mr. Hourwich concludes that "restriction of immigration of labor from Europe will lead to emigration of American capital to Europe. . . . The reduction of the supply of labor will be met by a reduction of the demand for labor. Restriction of immigration will merely speed the advance of financial imperialism."

ROMANCE, that once blossomed in Central America, the Wild West, or the Balkans, has found new refuge in Russia. Of colorful thrillers about Russia there is no end. The latest and the stirringest of them is Paul Dukes's "Red Dusk and the Morrow" (Doubleday, Page: $3.50). From the "still

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corpses" on the blood-stained snow on the first page of the book to the miraculous discovery of a boat in a bog on the last page of the narrative an uninterrupted series of hair-breadth escapes, midnight conspiracies, murders, executions, and mysterious disappearances crowds the pages. Paul Dukes was for a time chief of the British Secret Intelligence Service in Russia, and much of his story is doubtless true. It is always fascinating, and no less than seven photographs of the handsome author-hero adorn the pages. Francis McCullagh's "A Prisoner of the Reds" (Dutton: $5.00) is a more matter-of-fact and convincing account of the adventures of another British officer in the land of the Reds. McCullagh's account of the murder of the Czar and the Czar's family, although marred by the sentimentality which led him to adopt a conventional photograph of the Czarina as a frontispiece, has been, since its appearance nearly two years ago in a British fortnightly review, the authoritative version. Needless to say, he absolves Moscow from all responsibility. Significantly both of these hostile critics of bolshevism blame Allied intervention for the perpetuation of the soviet regime and for some of its excesses.

WITH admirable industry, not unmixed with erudition, Professor O. Fred Boucke of Pennsylvania State College has prepared a 348-page catalogue of names and dates and doctrines which appears under the title "The Development of Economics, 1750-1900" (Macmillan). Reducing all systems of economics to four, he recites, largely by means of quotations from standard economic and philosophical sources, the logical and psychological presuppositions of each system, as well as the body of doctrines of which it is composed. To those who like that sort of thing, Mr. Boucke's work may be commended as very much the sort of thing they like. The rest of us will be not unlikely to recall the lean days when the prodigal son "would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat." Even the interested reader may see stars as he runs head on into *machinofacture, in- and de-duction, nonetheless, solidarism, subjecticism*—by this time he has lost even the power to suspect a misprint—*Physiocratism, Smithianism, Manchestrianism, historism, marginism!* In fact, one dazed reader was overheard the night after, muttering in his sleep "Teutonism, neologism, barbarism"; but his mind may have been affected, and he was a purist, anyway. In a world full of unemployment and hard times and congresses that won't legislate and railroads that won't go; in a world that contains a war-wrecked, chaotic, miserable Europe and an Asia off which Western capitalists can scarce keep their itching fingers—in such a world Mr. Boucke may be right, God knows, in his belief that "a critical estimate of present economic theories" is "the main task of economists today," but if so, why does anybody pay his bills?

MAN'S stomach, Fabre tells us, is a pit into which strange food falls. Carnivorous insects, even less particular, eat all manner of flesh. The Golden Carabus beetle will eat caterpillars, earthworms, slugs, mantises, or any other game he may meet. Not so the vegetarian insect. He is more choosy even than the vegetarian human. His stomach is a fastidious laboratory to which nothing but the appointed tidbit finds its way. One weevil feeds on the filbert; another on the yellow water-iris and nothing else; a third dies if it cannot have its blue thistle. Now these are facts of interest to the general reader as well as to the entomologist, and Fabre tells them as none but the wise old man of Serignan can. Why then do the publishers scare readers away by disguising such charming essays culled from the long series of "Souvenirs entomologiques" under the deadly title "More Beetles" (Dutton: $2.50)?

FROM the pen of her sister-in-law, Sophonisba P. Breckinridge, has come a useful memoir, "Madeline McDowell Breckinridge" (University of Chicago), truly described as a leader in the New South. A great-granddaughter of Henry Clay, Mrs. Breckinridge had the oratorical power to move audiences to tears or to thrill them to new tasks. When it was still by many deemed unwomanly in the South for a woman to mix in public affairs, Mrs. Breckinridge plunged boldly in, taking part in the forming and the management of a Civic League in Lexington, Kentucky, her home, an organization which devoted itself to every aspect of social service activity and community improvement. In the building of new schools and the modernizing of old school methods, in campaigns against tuberculosis, in the organizing and federating of charities, Mrs. Breckinridge's leadership readily asserted itself. From her local sphere of activity she graduated into State-wide work, and when the woman-suffrage fight came on, her eloquence, her ability, her devotion, and her all-moving sincerity readily made her one of the foremost Southern, and indeed national, figures in the fight. No one could hear this delicate, refined gentlewoman, always showing marks of a determined struggle against ill-health and displaying such evident marks of breeding and culture, and believe again that enfranchisement meant the unsexing of women. It was given to her to witness the suffrage victory and to raise her voice for the League of Nations—which she did despite its evident faults—but then the sands of her life ran out. This simple and honest sisterly record is a narrative of genuine achievement in the face of the constant opposition of the ultra-conservatism of the South and a fresh proof of the kind of talent for public life of which this stupid world has so long deprived itself merely because it was embodied in the person of a woman. Not that there are many Madeline Breckinridges; but any State which produces one such in a decade or two must consider itself blessed.

Drama

The Russian Theater of Today

Moscow, May 7

IF someone had told me only a year ago that in 1922 we should have more theaters, cabarets, and other amusements than before the revolution, I would have called him a liar. But when I see all the walls and fences congested with posters announcing amusements of all descriptions, I must confess my error. In fact, we have too many theaters now. Do not jump to the conclusion that these theaters are operated by the Soviets or that they are devoted especially to the propaganda of communism. Far from it! They have all been opened as private enterprises and they have the right to produce any play they like. Under the new economic policy, many communistic ideals have disappeared and the communistic theater with them.

Not so long ago we declared the theater a mighty weapon for the enlightenment of the masses. We distributed tickets among workers' organizations for a nominal sum of 3,000 to 25,000 rubles each, or often free of charge. We exercised sharp control over the repertory and severely punished theater directors for every play that did not agree with our revolutionary ideas. Many directors were completely ruined. Artists were mobilized and sent to play, without their consent, even to the provinces.

Today—if you have the money and can pay the Soviets—you are permitted to have ten, a hundred, a thousand theaters if you like, and you may do with them whatever you wish. Hence it is no wonder that after four years of spiritual starvation we have a consuming desire to refresh our emotions in a private theater where no one will annoy us with propaganda or feed us plays and music by dramatists and composers standing on a "revolutionary platform." For four years our daily reading has been limited exclusively to the official Communist papers, until we are all so well versed in Communist matters that every educated man, regardless of his political convictions, can easily write a "Steklovitza" (current *mot* for editorial, from Mr. Stekloff, of the staff of *Izvestia*).

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During the year the actors have become free citizens again, and many who had been idle have obtained good positions. The repertory of our theaters hardly suggests the Land of Communism: "A Doll's House," "Madame Sans-Gêne," "The Tales of Hoffmann," "Carmen," "The Dollar Princess," "Le Roi s'amuse," "The Merry Widow," and native Russian plays of the same order. At 11 p. m., when the theaters are out, the night cabarets open their friendly doors. Everything about them resembles the old Café chantant. Wine is sold there and everywhere. Many of the theaters have opened their own cabarets in order to improve their finances. The best were those of the Musical Drama and of the Kamerny Theater. The latter was known under the name of the Excentrion. Both employed artists from their own staff and both died a natural death after a few disastrous weeks.

The taxes imposed upon theaters are so high that we hear of bankruptcies every day. The public, of course, has to pay these taxes in the long run. A box in the Great State Theater costs from 4,500,000 to 10,000,000 rubles, a seat in the stalls not less than 500,000 rubles; motion-picture palaces charge in general a million rubles for a seat. The Academic State Theaters (partly supported by the Government) always have full houses. This brings quite astronomical sums to the box office, but the taxes are so heavy that the Theater of Comedy and Melodrama, after an existence of thirty or forty nights, has closed its doors with a deficit of 1,100,000,000 rubles. The Great State, Small State, and Moscow Art theaters have all since the beginning of the season been unable to pay for the electricity they have consumed. On Good Friday the Electric Works shut off the power until the debt amounting to five billion rubles should be paid. At a personal conference with the Commissar of Public Education, the Works agreed to accept, and Mr. Lunacharsky promised to obtain, a part payment of 1,700,000,000 rubles. Shutting off the current from these theaters might have had dangerous consequences, for the fire-signal system, operated by electricity, would have been rendered inactive.

The fresh spring air makes us all feel younger and fills us with desire for new adventures. Moscow theater managers feel it this spring more acutely than ever. Many of them plan to go abroad—to Western Europe or to the United States—for the summer or the early autumn season. In the middle of June the First Studio Theater of the Moscow Art Theater starts for Sweden. Nezhdanova, the coloratura soprano, and M. Golovanov have already received visas and permission to give several concerts in England and will start soon. Tairov of the Kamerny Theater dreams of America. It is possible that you will see him and his company in New York next autumn; I am sure he would have a great success. M. Borisov, our "King of Laughter," would like to go to America, too. It is a "Drang nach Westen"! The directorate of the State Theaters has received an offer from certain American capitalists involving a twenty-five year concession for exploiting these theaters. By its terms a quarter of each company would play abroad in return for the support of the parent institution. The opinion of literary and artistic circles is decidedly against this scheme, but Mme. Malinovskaia, Commissar of the State Theaters, has said: "It is better to invite foreigners to support our theaters than to hang a lock on the doors." A bankrupt country can not permit itself such a luxury as first-rate theaters if they have to be kept up with governmental money!

As you see, Moscow theater life continues as in pre-war days—some directors grow rich while actors are starving. Very few new plays are produced, as their success is uncertain. An unsuccessful play means bankruptcy, and just now we need money above everything. There has been a great deal of discussion over the misadventures of Neslobin's company. The Theater Neslobina has ceased to exist. About December 20, 1921, the company was literally thrown out of doors. After a fire in 1914, which completely destroyed stage, scenery, and costumes, this theater was rebuilt cooperatively by the actors, many of whom suffered hardships from putting all their savings into the enterprise. Just before Christmas their property was nationalized. Protests brought no results. For two months in the winter the company met daily from 1 to 4 p. m. at Letutchaya Muish, the original home of Balieff's Chauve-Souris, as guests of the hospitable management of the Bat Theater. Their crime had been a "bourgeois" repertory, such as Artzibashev's "Jealousy" and Rostand's "L'Aiglon." After hanging suspended between heaven and earth for two months, the company received the old Theater Zon, a cold and humid building without heating accommodations, stage equipment, etc. The Neslobin company, however, has organized in it a series of performances adapted to the new requirements of the Soviet authorities under Vsevolod Meyerhold as *regisseur*. A talented man, an innovator in stage technique, identified formerly with the Moscow Art Theater and later with the theaters of Petrograd, Meyerhold received his appointment from the Soviets and could not work successfully with a company which respected old ideals and methods. Unable to make them understand his purposes, he has discharged most of the company, retaining only the youngest. The older players have been unable to obtain new positions and are literally starving.

The old Theater Neslobina is now known as the New State Theater. Its repertory consists of operas, dramas, and ballets. Nothing new, nothing revolutionary. The same stagnation, typical of all state theaters. A "new" play recently produced there was Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest." Wilde's spirit was absent.

One of the most successful ballets produced this spring at the New State Theater was the "Nutcracker" by Hoffmann. M. Gorsky, the ballet master, used only Hoffmann's general idea and devised an original and interesting ballet, picturesque and full of color, life, and movement. Decorations by F. Fyodorovsky were in harmony. Mlle. Abramova, a young and promising dancer with temperament, grace, and power of expression which will soon make her our foremost ballerina, had the leading role. The other parts were intrusted to the students of the Great State Theater where M. Gorsky is the leading producer.

This season's operas at the New State Theater hardly deserve mention. With one or two exceptions in each cast the singing was wretched, while the repertory was twenty years and more out of date: "The Barber of Seville," "La Bohême," "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," etc. In sum, the work of these guest companies at the New State Theater has been as remote from revolutionary ideals and as ineffective in setting up new standards of public taste in æsthetics as was the old Theater Neslobina.

NIKOLAI YAROVOV

Rabbi Wise

challenged by the coal operators to appoint a commission whose report of the hardships endured by the miners he would regard as impartial, has named FATHER RYAN, RABBI GOLDSTEIN, and WINTHROP D. LANE. They have gone to West Virginia this week, and, with the assistance of other persons, will make detailed personal observations. FREDA KIRCHWEY accompanies the commission and will report its findings in *The Nation*.

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International Relations Section

The French Labor Split

By IDA TREAT O'NEIL

IN France the close-range observer of political or social movements has a particularly hard time of it. There is an explosive character about each new event and a profusion of smoke and noise accompanying it that may well baffle the most impartial of historians. Moreover, let him approach the question from whatever angle he pleases, he is sure to find himself aflounder in the mire of petty personal complications and grievances—disputes, recriminations, treacheries, maneuvers, "cuisine"—until he is tempted to give up his task in despair or, as frequently happens, to give undue importance to the role of individuals in the movement with which he is concerned.

Much ink has been spilled in the attempt to limit the responsibility of the break in the Confédération Générale du Travail to the group of leaders at the right or to those at the left of the movement. However, if one reviews the history of French syndicalism during the past fifteen years, and particularly its development since 1914, the conviction grows that while the scission may have been precipitated by the policy of certain of the labor leaders, it was on the whole as fundamentally inevitable as that which occurred in the French Socialist Party sixteen months ago at Tours.

When the much-discussed Amiens charter was voted by the labor congress of 1906 there was unity in the C.G.T. This document, which is the declaration of independence of the French labor movement, was drawn up at a time when the Socialist Party, with Millerand and the "ministerialists," was attempting to dominate the C.G.T. In it organized labor *en bloc* declared itself to be autonomous and non-political, and to favor an uncompromising policy of revolutionary syndicalism. The Charte d'Amiens is still the credo of each of the warring wings of the French labor body. Today both camps maintain that it was the violation of the Amiens charter by the members of the opposing group that brought about the crisis in the Confédération du Travail. The Right claims that the Left Wing has been dominated exclusively by the French Communist Party and the Third International. The Left Wing accuses the Right of having abandoned the principles of revolutionary syndicalism.

During the period that preceded the war there was no strong, organized minority in the Confederation. In 1913-14 two currents began to take shape in the movement. These had to do with the opposition to the approaching conflict, which seemed inevitable after Agadir and the tortuous diplomacy that followed the Balkan wars. One group—the nucleus of the Left Wing—centered about Merrheim and Monatte, the "intellectuels" of the *Vie Ouvrière*. Their policy was one of "intelligent opposition"; they insisted on the necessity of acquainting the French worker with the motives that lay behind the activities of the Powers, and with the meaning of strategic railways, foreign loans, and immense war budgets, that he might not be led blind and unawares into a conflict for which he was totally unprepared. The other group—with Jouhaux and the majority of the officers of the C.G.T.—professed great scorn for the "theories" of the *Vie Ouvrière*, and maintained that the necessity of the moment was not so much to educate the worker as to impress the Government by a series of demonstrations of the popular will.

The war came and the worker was neither too educated to participate, nor was the Government too cowed by the great meetings at Pré St. Gervais to continue its policy. The 300,000 union men were swept into the struggle together with the thousands of their non-union brothers—and almost without a protest. Motives of patriotism, fear, and the feeling that they had been abandoned—for the leaders of the C.G.T. accepted the war from the very first—all played a part during the first weeks of panic. Yet, when the principle of Union Sacrée[1] was first made public, there was already a fraction of the C.G.T. in the trenches who bitterly disapproved the action of the labor leaders; and when, five months after the beginning of the war, the officers of the C.G.T. refused to take part in the Copenhagen conference, the resignation of Monatte from the executive committee of the Confederation symbolized the first wedge driven in the unity of the labor movement in France.

As the war progressed the two currents in the C.G.T. became clearly defined. The majority, with Jouhaux and the executive committee, continued to back the Government in the war, while the minority, with Merrheim and Monatte, opposed the principle of l'Union Sacrée, organized a committee "pour la reprise des relations internationales," and together with the minority Socialists took part in the conference at Zimmerwald in 1915 and at Kienthal in 1916.

In the meantime the unions were growing with phenomenal rapidity. The federations of mine, transport, metal, and munition workers (all trades, in fact, that offered a living wage and an escape from the trenches) counted their new members by thousands and tens of thousands. From 300,000 in 1914, the number of union men in France had reached nearly two million at the close of the war. At that time the inner situation of the Confédération du Travail may be summarized as follows: The majority at the right of the movement by continuing its war policy had developed a definite reform program and was clearly evolving toward the English conception of trade unionism. At the left, the minority or opposition grouped in an amorphous fashion all the anti-reform elements—anarchists, anarchist-syndicalists, "pure"-syndicalists, and communist-syndicalists. The minority condemned the war policy and the reform program of the Right, and demanded a return to the "pre-war policy of direct action" and an uncompromising program of revolutionary syndicalism based on the clauses of the Amiens charter.[2]

The history of the scission in the French labor movement is in reality the history of the development of the minority. This group, while large in number, remained for a period after the close of hostilities quite unorganized. The *Vie Ouvrière* published repeated appeals for an organized opposition—appeals which called forth no response, although in certain of the federations, notably those of the railroad and the metal workers, the minority was beginning to assert itself. It was not until 1919, at the Lyon congress of the C.G.T., that the opposition held its first meeting and discussed the problem of its organization.

During the year that followed, the Left continued to recruit forces in the different federations. A bitter struggle began in the union of railroad workers, of which the minority gained control immediately after the brief February strike, and in May called the great strike for the nationalization of the railroads. Upon the failure of the strike, which the minority claimed was due to sabotage on the part of the C.G.T. majority officials, it became evident to the leaders of the Left that the time had come for a *de facto* organization of the opposition.

At the Orleans labor congress in 1920 the minority (which numbered a full third of the delegates present), meeting in special session, voted the creation of the Comités Syndicalistes Revolutionnaires, which were to group all the forces at the left within the labor movement, to "prepare a disciplined revolutionary élite to propagate revolutionary ideas and principles, and to study the problem of economic reconstruction after the seizure of power." The organization, which was country-wide, had a central bureau in Paris, the chairman of which was Pierre Monatte. The *Vie Ouvrière* became its official organ.

During the year that followed the Orleans congress the C.S.R. grew rapidly. It included not only the "minority" unions (those

[1] *Union Sacrée*—the truce between labor and capital for the duration of the war.

[2] The minority resolution presented at the Lyon Conference in 1919.

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controlled by the Left) but also the individual members of "majority" unions who favored the policy of the minority. At the next labor congress, which was held in Lille in 1921, the minority already grouped nearly half the forces of organized labor in France. This did not necessarily mean that there was a strong unified movement toward the left within the Confédération du Travail. The phenomenal growth of the minority may be interpreted as one of the symptoms of the general dissatisfaction that has pervaded French labor circles since the close of the war—dissatisfaction with the conduct of the movement, with the reform policy of the labor leaders, and with the continued presence in the executive committee of the C.G.T. of men like Jouhaux who were responsible for the war policy of the Confederation.[3] From the very first, the program of the minority took the negative form of opposition; the Comités Syndicalistes Revolutionnaires, which grouped the forces of the Left, was prevented by the variety of elements composing it from elaborating a constructive, positive policy.

With the growth of the opposition at the left, the breach between minority and majority in the C.G.T. became daily more apparent. While "unity" was the slogan of the Right of the labor movement and "no scission" that of the Comités Syndicalistes Revolutionnaires, scission had been in the air ever since the congress of Lyon, where the first attempt was made to organize the Left of the C.G.T. At Lyon, the first general meeting of the minority had discussed the necessity of a break with the forces of the Right, and though the meeting had rejected the idea the anarchist elements in the C.S.R. still considered the scission to be desirable. On the other hand, the creation and rapid development of the Comités Syndicalistes Revolutionnaires soon convinced the leaders and a certain per cent of the forces at the Right of the movement that a split in the C.G.T. was both necessary and inevitable. Certain of the officers of the Confederation stated openly that if the minority were to gain control of the movement, they personally would secede from the C.G.T., taking their troops with them.

One of the arguments used by the Right against the C.S.R. had to do with the question of Moscow and the Red Trade Union International. The leaders of the majority claimed that the opposition was utilizing the Russian tactics of "noyautage" to undermine the Confédération du Travail, rob it of its autonomy, and place it under the absolute dictatorship of a political party —and a foreign one at that! Much publicity was given to the charge, for the majority appeared to ignore the fact that the extremists at the left of the C.G.T. were having trouble enough among themselves over the question of the Red International. While, generally speaking, the members of the C.S.R. expressed a close sympathy for the Russian revolution, there was little unity in the organization when it came to a discussion of the exact nature of the relationship between the French movement and the Moscow International. The communist-syndicalists favored a close union between the two; the "pure"-syndicalists refused to adhere in anything but principle to an international which they felt was still too dominated by the Russian Communist Party; the anarchists were even more outspoken in their opposition than the pure-syndicalists, and this doubtless because of the severe treatment which had been given the anarchists in Russia. The C.S.R. as a whole still brandished the non-political Amiens charter with as much enthusiasm as the majority at the right of the C.G.T.; "no scission" was only half its slogan—the rest being "no subordination." A year ago, the inner situation of the Comités Syndicalistes Revolutionnaires might be summarized as follows: a unified opposition to certain of the principles and practically all the officers of the majority, a unified desire—vaguely formulated—for more revolutionary syndicalism, but a wide divergence on matters of tactics and particularly in respect to the Red Trade Union International.

Last summer, at the time of the congresses of the two internationals in Moscow, the situation in the French labor movement became critical. As the Left seemed to be breaking up over the question of Moscow, the Right decided that the moment had come to launch out in a direct offensive against the C.S.R.; or, that failing, to force a scission. For many months the feasibility of a break had been openly discussed in district and central committees; attempts had already been made to oust members of the C.S.R.—on grounds of indiscipline—from majority unions, such as the employees and the agricultural workers, and threats of similar action had been made by the mine and textile workers. On the eve of the labor congress at Lille it was generally anticipated that the Right would stress the tactics of scission at the conference, and would endeavor to have a resolution voted which should authorize, if not oblige, the locals and state federations to exclude all adherents of the C.S.R. from membership in the unions. The Comités Syndicalistes Revolutionnaires, it was rumored, were going to split on the question of the Moscow International, for it was no secret that the unofficial delegation which the C.S.R. had sent to the Red Trade Union Congress was considered to have exceeded its mandate, and that Tommasi, the chairman of the delegation, who had signed a resolution conjointly with the executive committee of the Red International, had been forced to resign his office as secretary of the important Federation of the Seine.

Contrary to expectations there was no break in the minority at the Lille congress. Its strength was on the whole so impressive (1,338 votes as against 1,556, and seventeen federations, among which were listed four of the most important unions in the French labor movement—alimentation, building trades, railroad, and metal workers) that the Right was forced to adopt a conciliatory policy for the time being. The excluded locals were admitted to the congress, and while a disciplinary motion was voted, it was in appearance so innocent that the minority itself had no fault to find with it. The Lille congress seemed on the whole to have been a victory for the Left; in both wings of the C.G.T. the opponents of a policy of scission felt that the danger had been successfully avoided.

It soon developed, however, that the "innocent" resolution voted at Lille was of far greater importance than had been at first believed. "Its application means a scission," the leaders of the Right announced. "The organization known as the Comités Syndicalistes Revolutionnaires is a body entirely foreign and totally in opposition to the C.G.T. Membership in the C.S.R. constitutes an act of indiscipline, hence all unions or individuals who continue to remain in the Comités Syndicalistes Revolutionnaires are *automatically excluded* from membership in the Confédération du Travail." Far from abandoning the policy of scission, the majority leaders now embarked on a program of drastic action. All over France the C.S.R. members were ousted from the unions, and the minority unions were excluded from the labor exchanges (bourses du travail). Confronted by the reality of the scission, the Comités Syndicalistes Revolutionnaires decided to compromise. They agreed that no union should adhere as a whole to the C.S.R., but maintained the right of the individual members to belong to an organization which they insisted was not foreign to the C.G.T. but which existed within the limits of the Confederation. This concession however had no effect on the leaders of the Right Wing, who had determined that the opposition should be crushed once for all, or forced out of the Confédération du Travail. The efforts of the Red Trade Union International, which intervened in an attempt to prevent the scission, were equally fruitless, and resulted in a mere exchange of heated telegrams between Moscow and the Amsterdam Trade Union International, which was backing the Right Wing of the French movement.

The minority of the C.G.T., claiming that it had been made the victim of a maneuver, next demanded that a special labor congress be called at which the question of the scission should be openly discussed. This the officers of the C.G.T. refused to do, maintaining that the members of the C.S.R. had no right

[3] Another symptom is the fact that the forces of organized labor are everywhere shrinking. The C.G.T. lost over 50 per cent of its members in 1920-1921.

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to call a congress of the Confédération du Travail. The executive committee of the C.G.T. likewise issued a manifesto forbidding the unions belonging to the Confederation to participate in the conference. It was held, notwithstanding, in December, 1921, and was attended by all the minority unions, who by their presence put themselves "automatically" out of the Confederation. The split in the French labor movement was accomplished.

At present there are two labor federations in France. The former Right Wing of the C.G.T. still calls itself the Confédération Générale du Travail; the Left Wing has entitled itself the Confédération Générale du Travail Unitaire. Each claims a majority of the members of the old organization, but it is probable that their forces are pretty evenly divided—about 300,000 in either camp. A third group, consisting of the state functionaries and postal and telegraph employees, has left the old C.G.T. but has not yet joined forces with the new.[4] By virtue of the scission, the Confédération du Travail Unitaire is now excluded from the Amsterdam Trade Union International; it gives no sign, however, of uniting with the International at Moscow. Since the split in the labor movement, important changes have taken place in the C.G.T.U. The communist-syndicalists, who were the strongest opponents of the scission, have for the time being lost the direction of the organization. Pierre Monatte, for twenty years the acknowledged leader of the revolutionary syndicalists, is no longer editor of the *Vie Ouvrière*, and has withdrawn from active participation in the movement. The C.G.T.U. is now in the hands of the anarchists, who oppose the Red Trade Union International, refuse to collaborate with any political party in France or elsewhere, and brandishing the old Amiens charter demand a return to the Pelloutier conception of "pure"-syndicalism. As their policy governs the *Vie Ouvrière*, the communist-syndicalists—who claim a majority of the forces of the C.G.T.U.—have started the publication of a second organ, the *Lutte Sociale*, with Tommasi as editor.

The break in the Confédération du Travail, like that which occurred in the French Socialist Party at Tours, was the rupture of a mere façade unity—a rupture which the war had prepared by the creation of an opposition too bitter and too intense to be ignored. The revolt of the Left of the C.G.T. against the war labor leaders and their policy of "union sacrée" was identical with that of the Left of the political organization against the champions of the "defence nationale." In both bodies the split was inevitable. Now that the scission is accomplished one hears talk in both camps concerning the possibility of reuniting the forces of organized labor. The principle of a "united front" has already gained considerable popularity in the two branches of the former Socialist Party; in the labor movement, however, the break is still too recent for the idea to be taken seriously. There is no doubt that the masses as a whole desire unity, and the leaders maintain that if the Government pushes an aggressive German policy almost anything may happen. But for the time being it would take nothing short of a revolutionary situation to weld together immediately the fragments produced by the recent scission in the French Confédération du Travail.

German Property in Silesia

AFTER prolonged negotiations carried on under the auspices of the League of Nations, Germany and Poland have finally reached an agreement with regard to the economic guaranties and the safeguarding of minorities in Upper Silesia. The most important and difficult part of these negotiations dealt with the liquidation of German property in the portion of Upper Silesia to be handed over to Poland. Poland claimed the right, under Articles 92 and 297 of the Treaty of Versailles, to liquidate the entire private property of Germans in the portion of Upper Silesia falling to her; Germany claimed that the League's award of October 20, 1921, precluded any liquidation whatever within that area. A compromise was finally reached under the presidency of M. Calonder of Switzerland. The essential provisions of this compromise follow, as translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt* for May 11, 1922. The compromise was not entirely satisfactory to either party, but it seems to have been accepted with relative complaisance. Its real character will ultimately depend upon the attitude of the Mixed Commission which is to be composed of German and Polish representatives, with one neutral.

ARTICLE 2. For fifteen years after the transfer of sovereignty Poland shall have the right, in accordance with the provisions of Articles 92 and 297 of the Treaty of Versailles, to expropriate large-scale industrial enterprises and mineral deposits which on April 15, 1922, belonged to German subjects or to corporations controlled by them, provided that the Mixed Commission, at the request of the Polish Government, has declared such a step indispensable for the maintenance of the industry.

ART. 3. Fifteen years after the transfer of sovereignty Poland shall have the right, in accordance with the provisions of Articles 92 and 297 of the Treaty of Versailles, to expropriate large-scale industrial enterprises and mineral deposits which were on April 15, 1922, and at the time of notification (see Article 5) the property of German subjects or of corporations controlled by them.

ART. 4. For the purpose of this paragraph the following will be considered large-scale industrial enterprises:

1. Mines, blast furnaces, smelting-houses, powder and explosives factories;

2. Other industrial enterprises which employ an average of at least 600 workers throughout the year;

3. The following industrial enterprises, even if they employ a smaller number of workers, if they are economically part of larger enterprises: factories for the preparation of coal-tar derivatives, coke furnaces, briquette ovens, artificial-fertilizer factories, shops for preparing and refining metals, power-houses regularly supplying power for other people or enterprises.

The conditions in 1921 shall determine the classification of industrial enterprises in accordance with the above paragraphs.

Enterprises which belong to the same owners and which are intimately related, economically as well as financially, are to be considered as single enterprises. If the joint enterprise employs more than 400 workers or is included in the classes mentioned in paragraph 3 above, it shall be considered a large-scale enterprise. The expropriation shall include the entire enterprise unless otherwise stated. Expropriation shall apply also to the appurtenances and accessories. All agricultural lands primarily intended to serve the needs of large-scale enterprises (dairy farms, forest estates, etc.) are to be regarded as parts of large-scale industrial enterprises within the meaning of this article.

ART. 5. The Polish Government is obligated to notify the owners of large-scale industrial enterprises or mineral deposits which it intends to expropriate within the period between July 1, 1937, and July 1, 1939, and the expropriation must be carried out within a period of four years from the date of notification. If notification is not given within the period mentioned above or if the expropriation completed is not within the four-year period, the expropriation cannot take place.

ART. 8. Poland has the right to expropriate agricultural estates having at least 100 tillable hectars [100 hectars = 247 acres] which on April 15, 1922, and at the time of notification (see Article 11) were the property of non-resident German subjects or of corporations controlled by them. If a forest forms

[4] The postal, telephone, and telegraph employees have split: two-thirds voting to remain in the C.G.T., and one-third to unite with the C.G.T.U.

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part of such a large estate this forest may be included in the expropriation if in the opinion of the Mixed Commission the inclusion of the forest is indispensable for the maintenance of the agricultural enterprise, or if the forest, without the expropriated lands, can no longer be used as heretofore. The size of the estate as of April 15, 1922, shall determine its classification.

ART. 9. Poland has the right to expropriate not more than one-third in all of the agricultural land of Polish Upper Silesia expropriable according to provisions of this section. Agricultural lands which are reckoned as part of large-scale industrial enterprises according to provisions of Article 4 are not to be reckoned in this calculation of expropriable area. Forests, except as provided in Article 8, are not to be reckoned as agricultural land. In reckoning the total area to be expropriated land expropriated after the transfer of sovereignty in accordance with the Imperial Land Law of August 11, 1919, is to be deducted. The land expropriated in accordance with the provisions of this section will be deducted in calculating the area expropriated in accordance with the Imperial Land Law.

ART. 11. The Polish Government is obligated to notify the owners of large estates which it intends to expropriate within the period between the transfer of sovereignty and January 1, 1925, and expropriation must be carried out within two years after notification. If the notification is not made within the period mentioned above or if the expropriation is not carried out within two years after notification the land cannot be taken.

The Russian Famine Spreads

IT is necessary to discount to a large extent certain optimistic reports in the press of the United States claiming the defeat of the Russian famine. The following statement by Fridtjof Nansen, recently printed in the *Dagbladet* (Christiania), shows how desperate conditions still remain. In another similar statement printed in the *Manchester Guardian* on May 18, Dr. Nansen says that in the part of the Volga region where the Americans are working the famine is "more or less under control," that even there the whole program could not be carried out, and that in other large districts relief work was barely under way.

Conditions in Russia are getting worse every day. Starvation is increasing. Even the Ukraine and the Crimea, where we hoped conditions would be tolerably fair, are now overtaken by starvation. We are quite helpless before this growing distress. And the hope of being able to help is dwindling. . . .

When we started this relief work last autumn we believed we had made a sort of survey of the condition of the crop and its prospects, and we made a statistical calculation showing how things were to go. Now our calculations prove to have been too sanguine. But the press of Europe still insists that there is not any distress in Russia, in spite of the fact that the situation is darker than ever. Cannibalism is spreading to a terrific degree. What have you to say, for instance, about this short report from one of our men: "I came to a hut where a widow was living who had two children. One of them she had eaten already. The other child was found hanged up in the pantry. . . ."

Twenty-two million people are now directly endangered by starvation. Some of them in some miraculous way will escape. Seven to eight million people perhaps might be saved by us next autumn. But the rest of them inevitably face starvation. If only for her own sake, Europe must help. The truth is: Starvation is going to be worse next year, and even the year after the next will be a terrible one. Russia is sinking deeper and deeper. And the help that is given now is four times as valuable as help that comes next year. Governments must help, not only private subscribers. But nothing seems to stir the conscience of Europe.

The silliest argument against our work is that the Soviet Government itself is to blame. The Soviet Government is not altogether guiltless, that is true. That it has admitted itself, and has changed its policy accordingly. But it is not a question as to who is to blame. The only thing we have to do is to save what can be saved. Here are not politics at stake, but 22 million people on the verge of starvation. The districts concerned have been ravaged by war for seven years. In these districts first the World War, then the civil war, was carried on. In the same districts Denikin's and Wrangel's armies were fighting the Reds.

The Soviet Government was not particular when it came to requisitioning the corn which the peasants had in store to meet eventual starvation. And then came the most terrible drought in the history of the Russian corn districts—and there was no corn in reserve.

It is hopeless now to think of helping the spring work. The only thing we can do is to help the peasants to do the harvesting. But we need money. We have to buy machinery, locomotives, trucks. We have to organize a tremendous work, and at the same time keep the millions living.

One of the reports of death and starvation, of which Dr. Nansen receives many every day, describes in a few statistical questions a world of suffering. It has to do with a train going from Kassan in the hunger district to the Polish border in winter time.

Question: How long time did the trip take?
Answer: Three months.
Qu.: How many people were on board the train?
Ans.: 1,948 when we left Kassan.
Qu.: How many reached the Polish border?
Ans.: 649.
Qu.: How many were left on the road?
Ans.: 1,299 were left on the road.
Qu.: What did they do with the dead ones?
Ans.: They were thrown out at the railway stations.
Qu.: How were the passengers nourished?
Ans.: They got ¼ pound of bread every other day.
Qu.: What medical help was granted them?
Ans.: None.

Ten of Dr. Nansen's helpers in Russia already have succumbed to typhus. The risk of being infected by typhus is as one to two. And the percentage of mortality is between 60 and 70.

Famine Figures

THE present situation in the famine districts of Russia is summarized in the following figures taken from documents in the possession of the economic section of the Secretariat of the Executive Committee of the Communist International.

Out of the 135 million population of Soviet Russia, 13,772,613 people in sixteen provinces of the Volga region were actually starving during the month of February, 1922. Since then, however, the number of the famine-stricken provinces has reached seventeen; the province of Voronezh will probably be officially declared in the famine list during the next few days. Outside of the Volga region the famine has affected the provinces of Zaporojye, Ekaterinoslav, Nikolaiev, some districts in the provinces of Odessa and the Donetz in the Ukraine, besides the Crimea and sections of the Southeastern province. In the original sixteen famine provinces of the Volga region there were 5,698,000 starving children in January.

RELIEF IN THE VOLGA REGION

The relief funds received by the Central Committee for the Relief of the Famine Stricken of the All-Russian Central Execu-

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tive Committee have reached the sum of about 247 million gold rubles. Of this total Russia alone furnished 170 million gold rubles—70 per cent of the whole amount. All the other countries combined contributed 77 million rubles, or about 30 per cent of the whole amount.

The part played by the foreign countries in the work of relief is expressed in the following figures:

THE UNITED STATES

Labor organizations	$250,000
The American Relief Administration	15,000,000
The American Congress	20,000,000
Other Relief Organizations	660,000
Total	$35,910,000
	(69,640,000 gold rubles)

ENGLAND

The Communist Party	£3,500
The Quakers and the Committee for Children's Relief	250,000
Collection of the *Manchester Guardian*	40,000
Trade Unions	2,000
Total, including individual contributions	£295,500
	(2,824,235 gold rubles)

SWEDEN

The Communist Party	110,000 kroner
The Metal Workers Union	36,000 "
The Society to Save Children	86,000 "
The Central Relief Committee	200,000 "
The Red Cross and the Government	2,000,000 "
The Industrial Committee	600,000 "
The Committee of the Collaborators in the Institutions of the RSFSR	55,672 "
Total	3,087,672 kroner
	(1,528,105 gold rubles)

FRANCE

The Communist Party	184,000 gold rubles
The Trade Unions and Socialist Party	80,000 " "
The Government	960,000 " "
Private Persons	320 " "
Total	1,224,000 gold rubles

GERMANY

The Trade Unions	37,350 gold rubles
The Communist Party	35,000 " "
Parliaments and Communal Councils	1,000,000 " "
The German Representation in Moscow	250 " "
Contributions by Private Persons	9,550 " "
Total	1,082,150 gold rubles

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

The Communist Party	1,600,000 Czech kronen
Trade Unions and the Socialist Parties	5,020,000 " "
Cooperatives	1,000,000 " "
The Workers of Kladno	180,970 " "
The Government	30,000,000 " "
Total	37,800,970 Czech kronen
	(945,024 gold rubles)

ITALY

The Communist Party	300,000 lire
Socialist Party and Trade Unions	1,400,000 "
The Chamber	6,000,000 "
The Pope	1,000,000 "
Total	8,700,000 lire
	(783,000 gold rubles)

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THE FAR EASTERN REPUBLIC

Central Committee for Famine Relief...	600,000	gold rubles
The Government	10,000	" "
Total	610,000	gold rubles

DENMARK

Communist Party	10,000	gold rubles
Trade Unions and Social Democratic Party	12,700	" "
The Government	370,000	" "
Red Cross and Private Contributions....	61,500	" "
Total	454,200	gold rubles

AUSTRALIA

The Government	409,500	gold rubles

SWITZERLAND

The Communist Party	144,868	francs
The Jewish Socialist Party and Emigrants	34,700	German marks
Prof. Forel	3,000	" "
The Art Exhibition	5,000	francs
The Swiss Red Cross.....	230,000	"
Total	198,445	gold rubles

BELGIUM

The Communist Party.....	7,500	gold rubles
The Social Democratic Party and the Unions	41,250	" "
The Belgian Chamber	112,500	" "
The Belgian Red Cross.....	8,568	" "
Total	169,818	gold rubles

BULGARIA

The Communist Party	42,000	gold rubles
The Red Cross	12,000	" "
Total	54,000	gold rubles

Smaller monetary or grain contributions were made by the following:

THE ANGORA GOVERNMENT
60,000 poods seed grain and 80,000 poods grain.

PERSIA
40,000 poods of rice and 20,000 poods grain.

AFGHANISTAN
100,000 poods grain.

BOKHARA
1,000 gold rubles. (It also cares for 1,000 children.)

RUMANIA
10,000 lei from the Communist Party.

POLAND
5,400 gold rubles from the Workers' Committee and the government.

LATVIA
700 gold rubles.

LITHUANIA
40,000 Lithuanian marks, 2,702 poods of food products. (Besides caring for 1,000 famine-stricken persons.)

ESTHONIA
50,000 gold rubles and 6,715 poods of food products.

FINLAND
18,000 poods of food products.

HOLLAND
7,100 gold rubles and food products.

SPAIN
15,000 gold rubles.

PORTUGAL
1,781 gold rubles.

AUSTRIA
21,196 gold rubles.

ARGENTINA
10,000 gold rubles.

URUGUAY
10,000 gold rubles.

THE RELIEF WORK OF THE RSFSR

The relief which the Soviet Government has so far rendered for the famine-stricken population comprises (in gold rubles):

Seed grain for winter sowing—
12,100,000 poods' worth, at 2 gold rubles a pood (24,200,000 gold rubles)

Seed grain for the spring sowing—
28,000,000 poods at 2 gold rubles (56,000,000 gold rubles)

Potatoes.....5,200,000 poods at ⅝ gold rubles a pood (3,250,000 gold rubles)

Public feeding.....1,360,000 poods at 2 gold rubles a pood (2,720,000 gold rubles)

State food supply.....7,500,000 poods at 2 gold rubles a pood (15,000,000 gold rubles)

The evacuation of the famine stricken—741,000 persons (transportation and supplies—11 gold rubles a person) (8,151,000 gold rubles)

Paper money sent into the famine-stricken provinces—
3,208,000,000,000 rubles.....61,000,000 gold rubles
(This paper money was used chiefly for productive tasks in order to provide employment for the famine-stricken population.)

Total .....Over 170,000,000 gold rubles

In this sum are not included the expenses of the Central Committee for the Famine Relief, the value of the goods which have been designated for the exchange for grain, the supplies spent for the up-keep of medical institutions for children, invalids, and others.

According to the data of the Central Committee for Famine Relief all relief funds combined were sufficient to feed on the average only 16 per cent of the famine-stricken population. Out of 5,698,000 starving children 2,274,311 were fed in January. The reduced famine ration was made up of a quarter of a pound of bread and a small fraction of a pound of millet a day. The food ration distributed by the American Relief Administration consisted of a dinner comprising only a little more than 700 calories a day.

At the beginning of the spring the situation in the famine-stricken regions became more difficult. In view of the present situation the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party launched a two-weeks' campaign in which all the institutions, organizations, and enterprises of the party, the trade unions, and the soviets will take part. The campaign is in the nature of a test of the famine relief work. The party organizations and trade unions are instructed to consider carefully what each institution and enterprise has rendered for famine relief and to determine the amount of relief to be rendered by each of them.

The Trial of Social Revolutionists

in Moscow, so widely reported in the American press, is the climax of years of intrigue. The facts, in documentary form, with statements by the Social Revolutionists and the Soviet Government, will be published in an early issue of the

International Relations Section

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